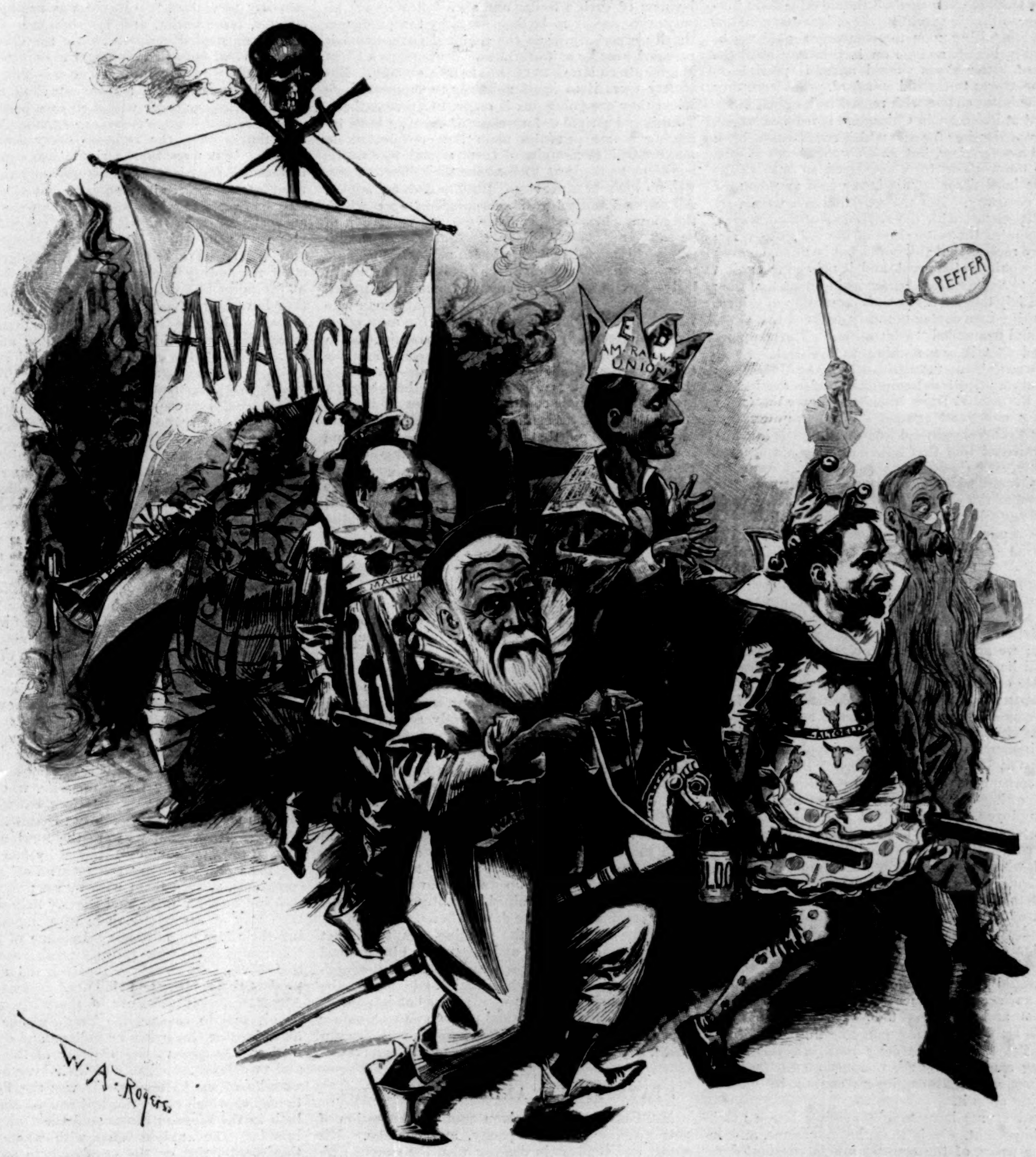
HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XXXVIII.—No. 1961.
Copyright, 1894, by HARPER & BROTHERS.
All Rights Reserved.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1894.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.


ANARCHY
D E B
AM. RAILWAY UNION
PEFFER
MARKH
ALTGELD
LOO
W. A. Rogers.

THE VANGUARD OF ANARCHY.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

PUBLISHED

NEW YORK CITY, JULY 21, 1894

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

SOME LESSONS OF THE GREAT STRIKE.

TO appreciate the true character of the labor troubles from which the country is suffering, we must go back to their origin. The Pullman Company found it impossible, owing to the business depression at present prevailing, to get orders for the manufacturing of railroad cars, the execution of which would not have left a loss. The alternative presented itself to the company, whether it should simply shut down its works and wait for better times, and in the mean time let its working-men shift for themselves, or whether, instead of setting the working-men adrift, it should offer them lower wages, so that in executing the orders that could be got the loss falling upon the company should not be intolerably heavy, and go on in this way until the return of better times should make it possible to raise the wages to the old standard. The company chose the latter course with regard to its great establishment at Pullman, in Chicago. It reduced wages, and accepted orders for cars which could not be filled without a severe loss, but which would serve at least to keep the working force employed, so as to bridge over the hard times. This is the case as presented by the company. But the working-men were very much dissatisfied with the reduction of their wages, and demanded the restoration of the old rates. The company replied that this could not be done, because the loss would be too great, and it offered to exhibit its books to a committee of the working-men, that they might satisfy themselves as to the condition of things. The working-men contemptuously declined this offer, struck, and demanded "arbitration." The company answered that it saw nothing to arbitrate. Some time afterwards the "American Railway Union," an organization of railroad employés, under the leadership of **EUGENE V. DEBS**, interfered in the matter by declaring a boycott against all the Pullman cars used on different railroad lines, and by "tying up" every railroad line that failed to obey his behests. Then the strike and its accompanying disorders spread far and wide, obstructing the commerce of a large part of the country, and bringing incalculable loss and suffering upon the American people.

There is one feature of this business which will at once strike every fair-minded man as very singular. If the Pullman Company, instead of offering their working-men, in spite of the losing business, continued employment at a reduced rate of wages, had simply said to them, "We are sorry our business has so fallen off that we have no longer employment for you; we are compelled to close the works, and you will have to shift for yourselves until we get profitable orders enabling us to take you back"—if the company had done this cold-hearted thing in a cold businesslike way, there would have been no trouble. In fact, the company did this very thing in one instance without stirring a ripple. It closed its shops at Detroit, and transferred the work that might have been done there to Pullman, for the purpose of keeping a larger number of men at Pullman employed. But it was at Pullman, where the working-men had been kept employed at a sacrifice to the company, that the trouble occurred, not at Detroit, where the operatives were simply dismissed.

The Pullman working-men have thus taught the employers of labor in the country this lesson: When times are hard and work cannot profitably be carried on, employers should carefully abstain from trying to bridge over the hard times for their operatives by offering them employment at reduced wages. That would cause trouble. The only safe policy under such circumstances is simply to discharge the men and let them take care of themselves. How do sensible working-men like this view of the case? Yet they cannot deny that just this is the teaching conveyed by the conduct of the Pullman operatives, and that employers cannot be blamed for acting upon it.

Recent events have taught another lesson much more important. It is that the commerce, and in fact the peace, of the country are in constant danger of disastrous disturbance by a few thousand railroad employés blindly following the despotic leadership of irresponsible adventurers, and that this danger must be provided against at any cost. Society cannot tolerate such a state of things. A few weeks ago hardly anybody knew that we had a mighty ruler by the name of **DEBS** among us, who could, by a mere wink of his eye, without any sensible reason whatever, arrest the traffic of 50,000 miles of railroad, stop the food supply of large populations, throw the second city of the country into bloody turmoil, and oblige the national government to mobilize the army for a campaign. Since the astonishing apparition of this new potentate on the national scene we learn upon inquiry that he is a somewhat quick-witted young man of little education, who started in life as a locomotive fireman, who soon became an influential member of labor organizations, who two years ago had to be treated by a specialist for alcoholism of the worst kind, and who, when apparently cured, went to work to organize the "American Railway Union," with the ambition of absorbing in it all the orders of railroad employés now existing, of course under his own leadership, to make himself the most powerful man in America. He failed in getting all existing organizations of railroad employés into his organization, but he became indeed powerful enough to do an immense amount of mischief in an incredibly short time. And this man, who, to judge from his performances, has not sufficiently recovered yet from his dipsomania to be in his right mind, acquired this power by the unreasoning, abject obedience yielded to his word of command by several thousand railroad men.

That the disturbances created by the criminal recklessness of such a leader and such followers are always sure finally to be suppressed by the public authority, especially when the national government is presided over by so faithful and courageous a Chief Magistrate as Mr. **CLEVELAND**, is true enough. But society owes it to itself not only to suppress them when they are going on; it ought to prevent them. To this end a rigid enforcement of existing laws, inflicting severe penalties upon the conspirators to make warning examples of them, as well as suitable additions to the laws to increase their effectiveness, will no doubt be of service. But this does not suffice. All railroad and telegraph corporations upon which the country has to depend for the transportation of persons and goods and the transmission of intelligence—things as indispensable to our existence as a people as the circulation of the blood is to the human body—should adopt, and engage themselves inflexibly to adhere to, the rule never to employ a man who will not bind himself by contract in the most effective way absolutely to abstain from participation in any sympathetic strike. It is the sympathetic strike that does the mischief on a great scale—the strike that will throw the railway traffic or the telegraph system of the whole continent into chaos, and inflict incalculable loss and suffering upon millions of people, on the ground that some railroad uses cars from some car-shop, or rails from some rolling-mill, or that the telegraph companies use wires from some wire-factory, the operatives of which have some quarrel with their employers, or on grounds even still more remote. The sympathetic strike of this kind is a danger to which society cannot afford to be exposed, and the transportation and telegraph companies owe to the people adequate protection against this danger, as far as they are able to give it. It is therefore their duty inflexibly to refuse employment to all persons who will not furnish every possible guarantee that they will never aid in bringing on that danger.

Let it not be said that this would be a denial of the right of laboring-men to organize for their own benefit. There are labor organizations, especially among railroad employés, which everybody recognizes not only as legitimate, but as extremely useful to their own interests as well as to their employers and to the public at large. Such are the brotherhood of locomotive engineers, the brotherhood of trainmen, and others. They keep their contracts, and are careful to be reasonable in their demands. When they have a grievance they are always listened to with the utmost respect, and they do not find it necessary to resort to strikes in order to get justice. And still less do they run away from their posts at the beck of a rattle-brained adventurer like **DEBS**. These organizations have done infinitely more to advance the interests of the working-man, to protect him against oppression, and to win for him general esteem and sympathy, than any or all of the loud-mouthed demagogues who dazzle and confuse the minds of their followers with grand but impossible schemes of emancipation and power, and who seduce them into criminal enterprises fraught with disaster to all, but most to the laboring-people themselves.

STATE RIGHTS AND STATE DUTIES.

MR. **CLEVELAND** has given another illustration of patriotism, executive capacity, and courage. His words and conduct in dealing with the riotous Chicago strikers reveal characteristics that have made him strong with the American people. He has once more shown his ability not only to rise to the requirements of strenuous circumstances, but to grasp, almost instinctively, the right side of a problem, and to act upon his convictions with energy and courage. His answer to Governor **ALTGELD**'s "constitutional pedantries" is likely to become one of our political classics. It is worth quoting and requoting for it embodies the essential spirit that enables th leaders of men to win victories, and without which great victories are impossible. This was the fina answer—the answer that closed all discussion—t the arguments of the Governor of Illinois concerning the President's right to maintain Federal troops on the "sacred" soil of the State:

> "While I am still persuaded that I have neither transcended my authority or duty in the emergency that confronts us, it seems to me that in this hour of danger and public distress discussion may well give way to active effort on the part of all authority to restore obedience to the law and to protect life and property."

Governor **ALTGELD** had then made two protests against the "invasion" of Illinois by Federal troops —an "invasion" necessitated by the existence in the State, and especially in its principal city, of a mob which was preventing the transmission of the United States mails, paralyzing inter-State commerce, and defying the processes of the Federal courts. The President had not proposed to preserve law and order in Governor **ALTGELD**'s State, but simply to enforce the laws of the United States. The mob which ruled Chicago was not only in rebellion against the Federal authority, but against the State authority as well. The police of the city were apparently powerless, the Mayor was urging that the strikers, incendiaries, and law-breakers should be treated as spoiled children, while the Governor of the State had not lifted his finger to enforce the laws of Illinois when he indulged in his first constitutional argument on the right of the State to execute law and preserve order within its own borders.

No one will dispute Governor **ALTGELD**'s proposition that such is the right of every State in the Union. It is more than a right; it is a great privilege and a sacred duty. It is not only the duty of the State to enforce its own laws, but to prevent its citizens from rising in rebellion against the laws and authority of the Union. That is the side of the proposition to which Governors **ALTGELD**, **STONE**, and **WAITE** have been blind. Like a good many other resounding demagogues, they have been eager to the point of frenzy in asserting their rights, but they have been studiously forgetful of their duties. It was not because Governor **ALTGELD** desired to enforce the laws within his jurisdiction, and to preserve order in the streets and railroad stations of Chicago, that he assumed to direct the President to withdraw the United States troops from the soil of Illinois, but because he wanted to stand well with the lawless men who had incited the riot, and to secure their votes.

Governor **ALTGELD**'s failure to recognize his duty is not a singular instance of the breaking down of local government in the presence of a mob. The local authorities of the States in which the coal miners' riots took place permitted acts of violence to go unpunished, and practically gave the strikers their own way until the operators and they came to a satisfactory agreement. Instances of local imbecility were furnished only a few weeks ago from California and Texas almost to the very borders of New York, and quite to the national capital. Bodies of vagabonds and tramps formed for the purpose of marching on Washington, with the avowed intention of breaking the law and intimidating Congress. Their organization was permitted by the local authorities of Ohio, California, Texas, and other States. They were allowed to move through the country unmolested, although the laws against tramps and vagrants are general. They camped where they would, and if they failed to gather recruits it was not because they were discouraged by the authorities, who had the right to enforce their own statutes, but who lacked the courage or the sense of duty to avail themselves of the right. So supine were the local authorities that citizens, presumably actuated by fear of arousing the wrath of these "**COXEY** armies," gave them receptions, solaced them with music, provided quarters and food for them, and eagerly helped them on their way by furnishing them with wagons or paying their fare on railroads. In some of the States the tramps seized upon railroad trains, running them themselves. The State authorities did nothing to prevent this robbery and violence. Just as Governor **ALTGELD** forgot the duty of the State of Illinois in his zeal to censure the President for invading its rights, the Governors of Indiana and other States neglected to protect the property of their citizens, and to defend the dignity of their laws against the assaults of the Coxeyites. It was the Federal authority to which resort was had against these tramps both in the Western States and the District of Columbia. The anxious haste with which local authorities hurried on the vagabonds in order to unload them on the Federal government would have been ludicrous if it were not shameful.

All the bullying and blustering of the **ALTGELDS** and **STONES** and **WAITES** about State rights will not obscure the shameful record that the States have made in refusing to perform their duties. If Illinois had done its duty in respect of this senseless Pullman strike, not a man need have been killed, nor a piece of property destroyed, nor a train stopped after the first day. If California, Texas, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and other States, including the new States of the Northwest, had done their duty, not a Coxeyite would have marched beyond their several jurisdictions, Washington would not have been invaded, and the world would not have been treated to the disgraceful, if ridiculous, scenes that occurred within the very precincts of the national Capitol.

Mr. Cleveland has not invaded Illinois with Federal troops, and so far in the history of the country such invasions have not only been rare, but so flagrant that they have been promptly visited by popular condemnation. It is for the best interests of the country that the laws should be enforced by the respective States, and there ought to be no occasion for the employment of Federal force even to execute Federal law within a State. If there is, it is because as now in Illinois, the State has not exercised its power and performed its duty; and if ever there should be any undue Federal interference it will be because it is incited by Governors who, like Altgeld, are more intent on gaining the votes of mobs than of repressing their violence. States, like people, that are most noisy in clamoring against invasions of their rights are generally most remiss in the discharge of those duties and powers by the exercise of which rights are maintained and preserved.

MONOPOLY.

When the benefits which progressive industry and intelligence ought to confer on society at large are secured to individuals or to a class, the result is called a monopoly, and is justly denounced as a public wrong. Much of the best social and economical thought of our time is given to reforms in law and its administration designed to destroy existing monopolies and to prevent others. Something has been achieved in this direction by legislation, and more by judicial decisions, within the last ten years. But the spirit of the common law, which forbids as conspiracies all combinations in restraint of trade, and all contracts designed to impair or restrict the rights of third parties or of the public, has not yet found full expression, either in statutes or in courts. The immense energies of the industrial world, directed by that fierce greed for acquisition which devises ever new methods for unduly concentrating wealth, are constantly overreaching and evading the traditional barriers of law and custom, and require ever new applications of the old principles. The Standard Oil Trust, the Sugar-refining Company, the Distillers' and Cattle-feeders' combination, are examples of vast conspiracies which monopolize important branches of productive industry in defiance of the spirit of the common law, while as yet society has not succeeded in giving to that spirit the definite expression which will guide its forces to their defeat. But public opinion advances irresistibly, and under its direction the orderly growth of law and of governmental agencies needs few years more to make the continued success of such combinations, or their imitators, impossible.

Recent events, however, forcibly direct attention to another form of monopoly, which has hitherto attracted less attention, because the wrongs it inflicts fall directly upon classes of men from whom and of whom the public commonly hears little. Yet it is the most extensive, bold, and dangerous embodiment which the grasping and lawless spirit inspiring all monopolists has as yet assumed. And the worst feature is that its strength seems to lie largely in the moral sense of its supporters; that, by a grotesque inversion of the definitions which right and wrong have always borne, this monopoly has persuaded not its members only, but multitudes of unreasoning sympathizers, and even of its victims, that ruthless oppression and wanton cruelty are virtues in its service. It is this monopoly which has now conspired to destroy trade, paralyze industry, stop the mails, starve cities, and confound organized society, in order to make its agents dictators in place of the lawful authorities, to decide upon its own claims and demands. With this monopoly the community is now confronted, and it must be disposed of before the case of any other can be considered.

The monopoly in question is not new in its principles or aims. Trade unions, from their origin, have been cursed with reckless leaders, who have taught that organized labor, meaning by this term their own knot, coterie, band, or association, is entitled to a monopoly of employment in its own kind and place; that its members have the right not only to work or be idle at pleasure, but to decree that the work shall not be done; that if others, not members, do any work when they forbid it, such working-men are guilty of a crime for which no penalty is too vindictive or too severe; and that they are themselves within their right in enforcing this monopoly, and inflicting such punishment as they deem expedient for any infringement upon it, regardless of courts or the law. Wiser and more moderate views have never been wanting among laborers, and large bodies of organized workmen have rejected such violent teachings. Doubtless the vast majority of industrious producers everywhere are too sensible and too just to approve them. But it remains true that this false and immoral doctrine, at war with the principles on which civil society is founded, has an immense influence on the thoughts and feelings of millions of men, and, by constant iteration, has poisoned their consciences and minds. In times of excitement it is commonly the extreme view, the passionate utterance, the unreasoning zeal, that prevails, and when men are stirred so deeply by a sense of wrong, whether aroused by facts or by the cunning appeals of the demagogue, as to abandon work, and thus sacrifice their livelihood for what they deem a principle, they are in no mood to hear mild counsels. Hence the doctrine that a man who works where a union is idle is the enemy of labor and of mankind has prevailed in all great strikes, and has become the main dependence of the most violent of their leaders—both to hold their unions together and to enforce their own dictates. Such men as Martin Irons, Debs, and Sovereign are always ready at any hazard, save that of their own safety and perquisites, to maintain the monopoly on which their power depends.

This monopoly has tortured language to its support, so that the workman who dares feed his family by his honest work while union men choose to be idle becomes known through the world of labor as a "blackleg" and a "scab." Writers who pose as champions of labor defend the monopolists even in extreme acts of lawlessness. In the *Nineteenth Century* for October, 1890, one of them argues that "strikes can only be successful in the present condition of the labor market when the strikers can prevent blacklegs taking their places, and that means the use of force and violence." In other words, among a free people, who have established a government to protect the equal rights of all, a secret conspiracy may rightfully claim for itself a monopoly of labor, and proceed to enforce it by violence, so as to exclude its neighbors from the means of life. The writer carries this doctrine of devils to its logical and practical conclusion, describing with evident sympathy and approval a plot of dock strikers in London to throw from the rails an expected train of "blacklegs" at the top of a steep embankment! But we need not cite the ravings of acknowledged extremists; the utterances of the most moderate among the recognized spokesmen of trades unions show how far the spirit of monopoly has spread its poison. George Howell, M.P., reputed the most reasonable and wisest exponent of trade-union principles in England, says: "The wrath of trades unionists is mostly concentrated upon men who, in the event of a strike, go in to take the places of those who come out —the 'blacklegs,' as they are termed, or 'scabs,' or by some other epithet, to describe their perfidy. Honorable men will feel little compunction for such traitors to their own order; but the law must not permit lynching even in the case of foul murder; and in those cases violent hands must not be laid on the men who skulk work in ordinary times of pressure, but swarm like vultures to a carcass when the battle is raging fierce, even to feed upon their own comrades."—(*Trade-Unionism, New and Old*, p. 141.) The "perfidy" of these "traitors," the crime which classes these men with "vultures" and cannibals, who are not to be lynched only because the law "must not permit lynching even in the case of foul murder," is that of doing a day's work to earn bread for wives and children. A refusal to obey, at any cost of want and misery, the order of the monopoly to be idle, constitutes the working-man, in the view of the chief apostle of moderation among the British unions, an outcast and an enemy of mankind. He need not be lynched, but the trades unions are justified, Mr. Howell thinks, in putting on him "social pressure, even to a high degree of tension." As all know, this means to make his life and that of his family a worse fate than idleness and pauperism can inflict. But if the union men do no more than this, Mr. Howell is confident that "few will be disposed to complain of their action."

That this code of inverted morality is not peculiar to England is apparent in the scenes of violence and disorder which during the last three months have retarded the recovery of the nation from industrial depression, and have destroyed all hope of early improvement in the condition of its laboring-men. But the acceptance of this code is not limited to those who have attempted to enforce the decree of Debs by stopping traffic, stoning passenger-trains, and burning cars and buildings; not even to those who have joined him in his crazy conspiracy to intimidate industry and enforce universal idleness. The unions which repudiate Debs and his firebrand policy are infected by it. A typical expression of the views of their chiefs is that ascribed to John McBride, of Columbus, president of the United Mine-Workers. While declining to order a general strike of miners at the request of Debs and Sovereign, he says, "However, such is the feeling of the miners against blacklegs, that they will strike of their own volition wherever a railroad company succeeds in getting non-union labor to take the places of striking union trainmen, no matter what the cause of the strike may be." In other words, if McBride is correctly reported, the spirit of monopoly controls his vast association to such an extent that, rather than permit the monopoly of another union to fail in suppressing all labor within its province, his followers will unite to sacrifice their own means of subsistence and to deprive the community of fuel.

It is needless, then, to point out to any one capable of thought on social questions that monopoly has its present stronghold and its most threatening centre of power not in trusts, nor in railroads, nor in the Senate of the United States, but in the secret councils which control the labor unions. The monopolies of combined capital are pernicious, and as they become better understood, government and law, guided by a growing public opinion, are slowly but surely drawing siege-lines around them, and advancing to right the wrongs they do. But this work must now pause, when the fundamental principles of morality and the elementary rights of man are challenged by a monopoly the success of which would make civilization impossible. The principle at stake in the present conflict, which must be settled by the suppression of the Debs insurrection, is the right of every American citizen to earn his bread by honest labor. When the monopoly which assails this right, and has violently abolished it in large sections of the land, is completely and finally crushed, the nation will resume its movement against the minor but still burdensome monopolies whose methods are less radical and less destructive, but whose permanence is inconsistent with the traditions of freedom and the hopes of civilization.

GENERAL DEMORALIZATION.

The testimony before the Lexow committee is more far-reaching and embraces more of the community than the immediate subject of the inquiry. It was pretty well understood before the committee entered upon its work that the police corruption extended downward among the sergeants, roundsmen, and patrolmen, but it was not known that bribery and blackmail were so general as they have turned out to be, and that from top to bottom, with rare exceptions, the men who are employed to protect the lives and property of the citizens of New York are the partners and accomplices of abandoned women, of gamblers, bunco-steerers, pickpockets, burglars, and of all persons who are engaged in violating the law, and who are willing to share the proceeds of their crime with Tammany Hall.

These revelations were bad enough, and are alone sufficient to incite an uprising against the corrupt political organization that has perfected, if it did not inaugurate, the reign of criminals, and that thrives on it until its annual income coming from vice and extorted from business men who are willing to commit bribery and to violate law for small gains is fabulous. But the revelations embrace more than the police force, and disclose a state of general demoralization in the community that makes a political upheaval this fall absolutely essential for the restoration of decent citizenship.

A number of merchants were witnesses before the Lexow committee. They testified on the stand to a state of facts showing that they were the victims of police persecution. To these merchants, apparently, their stories involved no personal dishonor on their part, and formed merely a part of the general indictment against the police. They seemed to be unaware of the fact that they were revealing their own turpitude. They were simply "getting even" with the men to whom they had been paying blackmail for so many years.

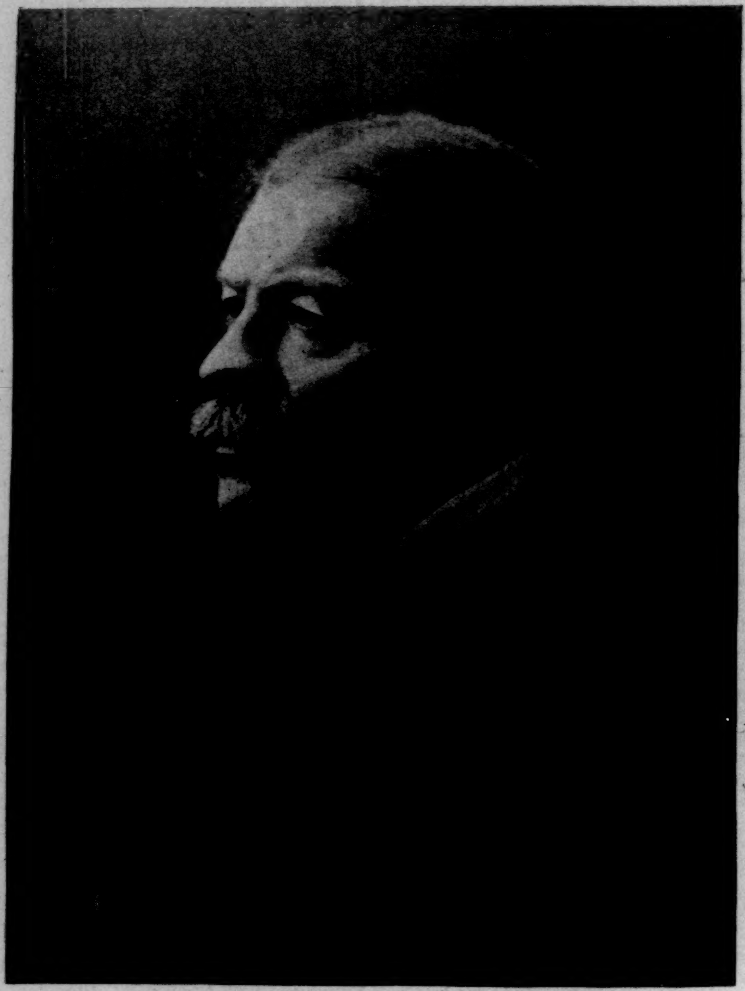
Mayor Gilroy says that it is merely human nature on the part of the policemen to accept bribes when it is the fashion to pay them. But merchants do not proffer bribes. That is not the way in which this wretched business began. Merchants first violated petty municipal ordinances, perhaps by using the sidewalks for the temporary storage of their goods, or for the exhibition of the articles which they offered to the public for sale. The police compounded the offence for money. In the first instance the merchant may have been responsible, but the beginning was so many years ago that no man living to-day remembers when this form of corruption was not practised. For thirty years at least, according to the testimony taken before the Lexow committee, the police have sold the right to encumber the sidewalks, the right to hawk and peddle, to occupy the streets with push-carts, as well as to violate the laws against vice. The business of selling to business men certain illegal privileges, and of compelling regular payments of money from others by petty persecutions, has become general and wholesale. Wherever the nature of the business makes the encumbrance of the public sidewalk profitable or a saving of rent, there are bribery and corruption.

The merchants who enter into these contracts with the police cannot escape their share of the odium. A bribe-giver is as bad as the bribed, and one of the disheartening aspects of the municipal situation is that so many thousands of business men who stand well in the community, and who are regarded by their neighbors, and even by themselves, as honest men and good citizens, are participants with the police in their corruption, and have shown a moral obtuseness that is shocking. Certainly not the least discouraging and startling testimony taken by the Lexow committee was that in which business men lightly and indifferently admitted that they had broken the laws against bribery.

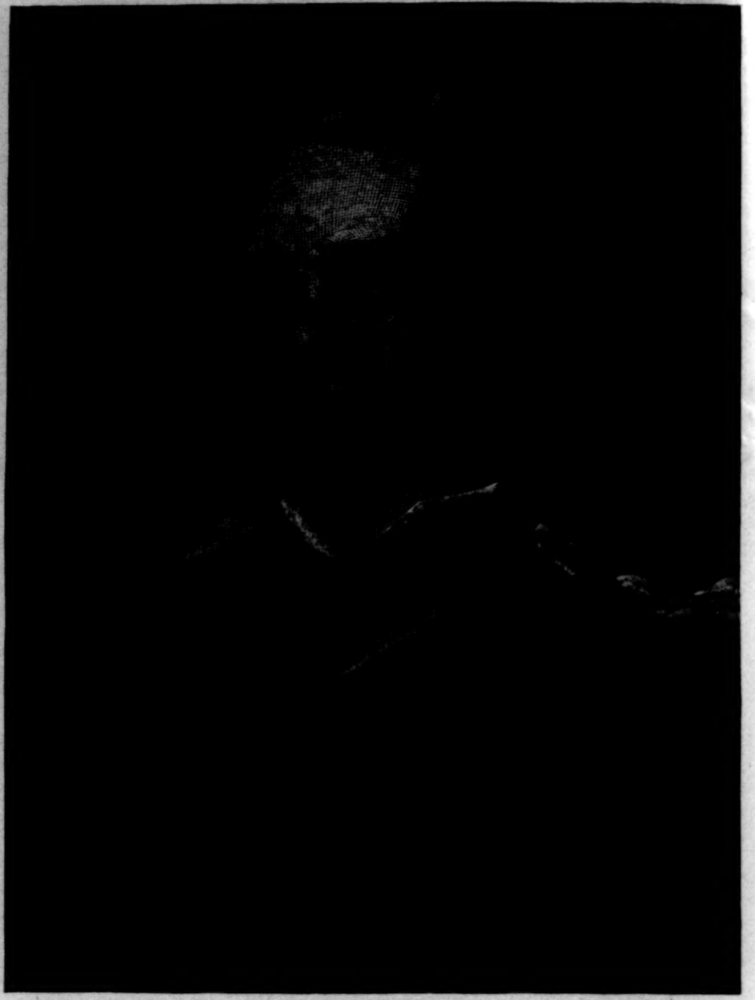
How far this demoralization extends it is impossible yet to say. It may be that we are only on the threshold of revelations which will show that every occupation pursued in the metropolis is touched and tainted by this corruption. It is evident even now that the demoralization is general, and that it has long ceased to be a crime to aid the police in violating law and in blackmailing both vice and thrift. The city has willingly and consciously submitted to the rule of a band of public plunderers wearing the uniforms of officers of the law and of peace. More than this, many of the citizens known as its best have connived at the blackmailing.

It is clearly time that this community should purge itself; that a new order of things and a new standard of morality should be established among us. We are in that most dangerous predicament of being blind to our own vices and unconscious of our sins against our own and the public welfare. The state of mind of the whole community is inimical to good government. The ancient standards of public virtue have been forgotten. Official corruption has insidiously entered into the private business and the private lives of the citizens, and men from whom probity and uprightness were expected have connived at crime, fostered it and encouraged it, opening new channels for its devastating tides. It is so easy to yield, and so hard to fight. That is the reason why merchants pay blackmail to the police instead of stamping upon the vice at its first appearance. A monthly bribe costs less in money perhaps than an honest fight against wrong-doing and wrong-doers; but the spiritual cost of yielding is enormous, and the cost to good government is so great that it will be many years, if ever, before there is again set up in this community a high standard of civic virtue.

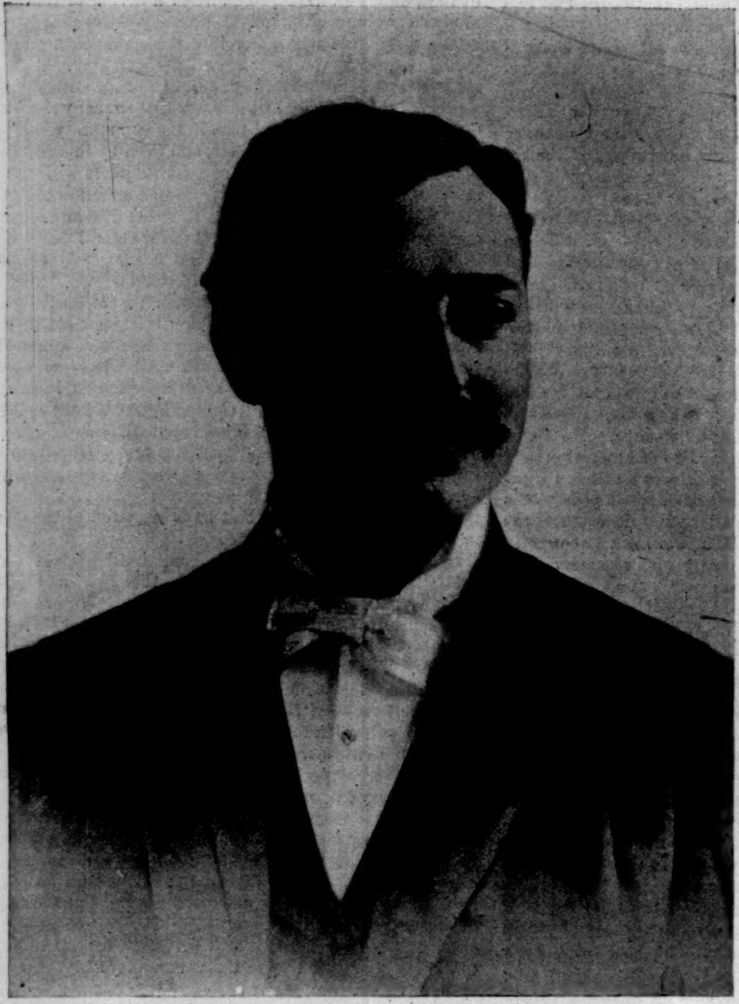
The task of recovery from this terrible demoralization should begin at once. Tammany must be defeated, not only that we may have an honest Mayor and honest Police Commissioners and policemen, but to save ourselves from the utter degradation, the utter loss of self-respect and public pride and virtue, that are threatened. The contest against Tammany is not only a contest for good government, but for the re-establishment of good citizenship.



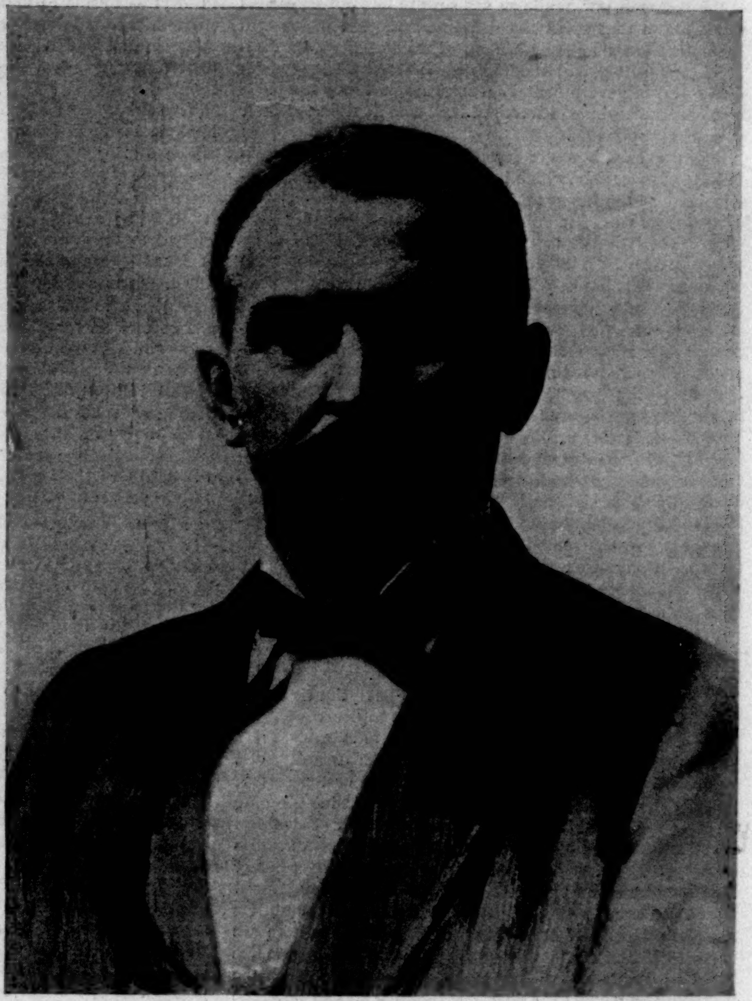
HON. RICHARD OLNEY, ATTORNEY-GENERAL.



MAJOR-GENERAL NELSON A. MILES, U. S. A.



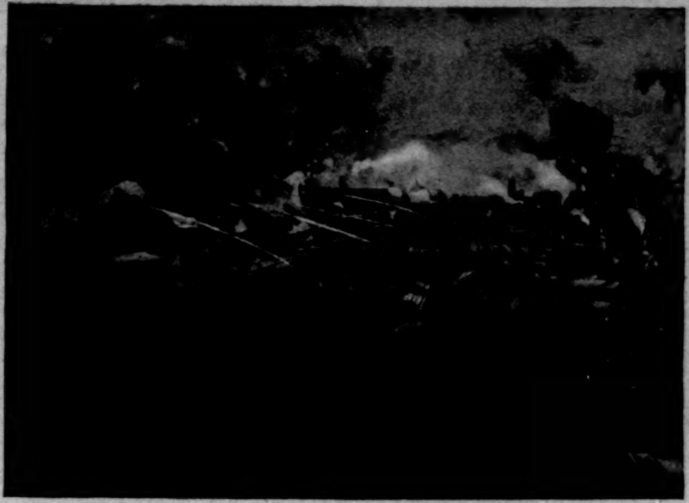
HON. JOHN P. HOPKINS, MAYOR OF CHICAGO.



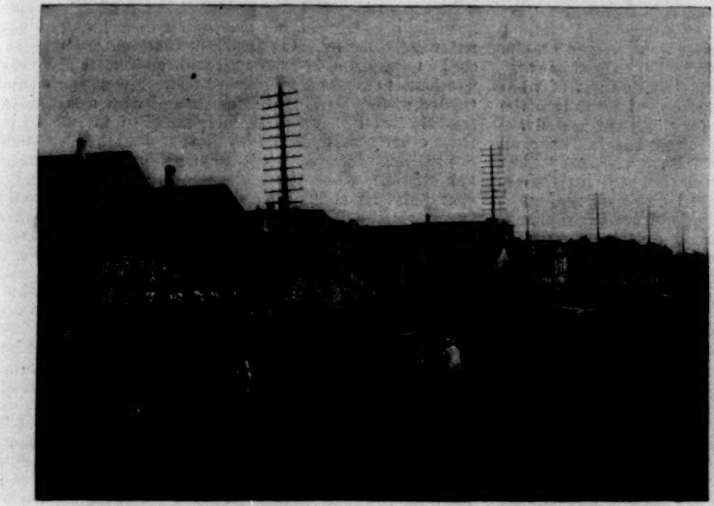
HON. CLAUDE MATTHEWS, GOVERNOR OF INDIANA.

MEN IN EVIDENCE.—[See Page 678.]

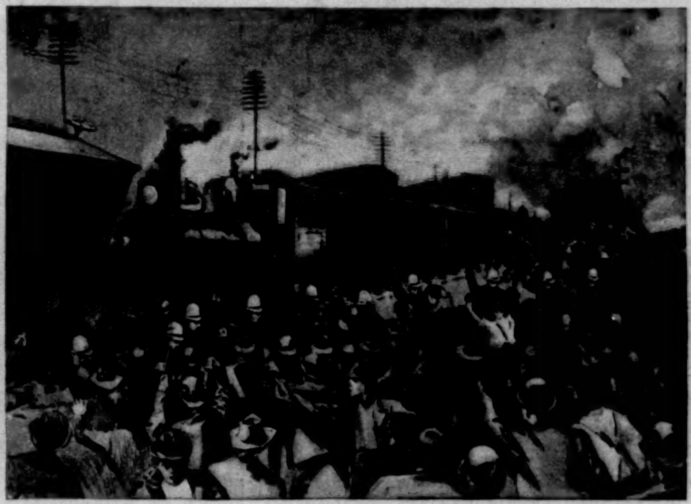
UNITED STATES TROOPS GUARDING THE PITTSBURG, FORT WAYNE, AND CHICAGO CROSSING, JULY 5TH.
Drawn by E. M. Ashe from Sketches by G. A. Coffin.



THE BURNING OF ABOUT ONE HUNDRED FREIGHT-CARS ON THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R., NEAR KENSINGTON, JULY 6TH.
Drawn by G. W. Peters from Sketches by G. A. Coffin.



OVERTURNED CARS ON THE MICHIGAN SOUTHERN AND LAKE SHORE TRACKS, BETWEEN THIRTY-NINTH AND FORTIETH STREETS, JULY 6TH.
Photographed by F. E. Read.



POLICE DRIVING BACK THE MOB FROM A TRAIN BLOCKED BY OBSTRUCTIONS ON TRACK NEAR FORTY-THIRD STREET.
Drawn by E. M. Ashe from Sketches by G. A. Coffin.

BURNING OF SIX HUNDRED FREIGHT-CARS ON THE PANHANDLE RAILROAD, SOUTH OF FIFTIETH STREET, ON THE EVENING OF JULY 6TH.
Drawn by Charles Mente from Sketches by G. A. Coffin.

THE GREAT RAILWAY STRIKES—SCENES IN AND ABOUT CHICAGO.—[SEE PAGE 686.]

ON THE POINT.

A Tale of To-day.

BY EMMA A. OPPER.

Bedford seated Miss Page in the boat's end and pushed off. He had first carefully wiped out its wet bottom.

"But I can't make it fit for you," he said, looking at her with apology in his smile—at the drooping plumes on her white hat, her hands in pale gloves, the fine lace that showed itself under her skirt as she gathered it up from the damp planks. "*You* ought to go boating in a painted shallop—pink and blue, or white and gilt."

Miss Page looked at him without an answering smile. Her gravity was sweet, and more frequent than that of most of the women he had known. Sometimes it was inquiring; often it was disapproving.

"That was quite a flowery effort for me," he said, with humorous reproach.

Then she smiled. Sometimes when she smiled Bedford hardly dared look at her, her loveliness was so all-compelling.

"It was highly poetical," she answered; "but I don't see why you think I should go boating in a pink and blue shallop."

"Suppose I tell you why I think so—seriously?" said Bedford, slowly and bluntly. "Can't you see it? Don't you know how you strike me? You seem so much too good, too fine and delicate, for this place, and us, the natives, and anything we can offer you, that it's a wonder to me you have staid here for eighteen weeks—or so." He reddened a little. He knew to a day how long she had been there. "We're going to be something sometime. We have all the advantages of location—you have heard this some seventy-five times, I presume. We'll have your Eastern millionaires investing here, and our boomlet is going to be a boom. We have twenty thousand people now; when we have forty we shall have some refinement and some society perhaps. But now—how you have stood it here so long, going to Mrs. Mackin's euchre parties, and our club balls at the Grand Hotel, and boating and driving with me—I have been lost in wonder at you, Miss Page."

She gave him a little frown. "You know I like it here; I've told you so over and over. I like the place, and the scenery, and the characteristics, and the people—everything," she declared, warmly. Then she flushed. "Of course I have enjoyed being with my cousin," she said, more coolly; and she added, with another degree of frigidity, "How lovely the cliff town looks to-night!"

"You can't expect me to admire it at any time of the day," Bedford laughed.

The low-lying level city they had left was behind them, its lamps seeming to lend a soft lustre to the moonless night. They were rowing towards the long Minnesota Point, with its miles of wooded darkness and its terminating light-house far out. On this side, the smooth bay; beyond the sheltering Point, the cold, deep, washing waters of Superior. All over the bay twinkled the lights of pleasure-boats, of little tugs, and the ferry-boats. And down on the breezy expanse of land and water gleamed from the tall Minnesota bluffs the lights of the rival city, tier above tier, thick and brilliant, like some fairylike consummation planned for the pleasure of gazers from afar.

"Those are the Mackins in that farther sail-boat," Miss Page said. "I can hear Mrs. Mackin laugh."

"It's impossible not to hear Mrs. Mackin laugh," Bedford remarked.

Miss Page laughed in her sweet-toned way. "You are abominable about Mrs. Mackin," she said. "And she thinks so much of you. She thinks you perfect. She says you *shall* go to the Assembly, if she expires in the cause. She got nine votes for you last week when we went through the Marguerite flouring-mill; she talked politics to the men."

"I believe I shall go to the Assembly. I have stopped talking politics myself and buying cigars for voters. It isn't because it's *me*, you understand. I represent the stronger party."

"And it is no credit to you, I suppose, that you represent that party."

"Mighty little."

"Cousin Helen thinks it is a *great* credit to you. Everything; your whole career," she said, gazing distantly into the increasing darkness.

Bedford rebuked himself for the thrilled pleasure her words caused him. "My career," he said, "will be given in next Sunday's *Messenger*, together with a ghastly-looking picture supposed to be me; I saw an advance sheet. But the career will be toned up considerably. I gave Maxwell bald facts, but he fixed them up to suit himself and the party."

"I presume you have never been in state prison for horse-stealing," she said, with gentle sarcasm.

They passed near to a mud-scow, brilliantly alight, its rudeness idealized. Her fair face shone upon him for a minute in the glare, and Bedford could not speak. But when the dimness dropped between them he pulled himself together.

"It may amuse you to know what I have *been*," he said.

"It would interest me."

Bedford plied his oars slowly.

"Well, I never stole a horse. The *News* has intimated that I used to jump claims in Dakota for a living, but even that is a mistake. I have never done anything positively disgraceful except to be born poor. We lived in a little place down in the middle of the State, and my father was a carpenter, not energetic, and always in debt; he was something of a drinker. We never knew anything but poverty and misery. My mother lost several children. We never had a home; we moved from one cheap place to another with our handful of broken furniture. When I was thirteen my father died, and the town helped to bury him."

"Don't tell it," she said, "if it hurts you."

"I shall tell it," Bedford answered, "unless it hurts *you*. Well, I don't know how we lived for a while then. My mother was a refined woman, and never very strong; but she sewed day and night, and went around helping people with their house-cleaning. She even took in washing, and I used to help her with that. I had to stop going to school, and I did all sorts of things to help to keep us from starving or going to the county-house. I washed buggies in the livery-stable, and pasted circus-posters, and weeded people's gardens, and hung around the depot for any kind of a job. I was a lanky tall chap, and after a while I got work in a saw-mill from six in the morning till six at night, and six dollars a week. I wanted my mother to stop taking in washing then, but she didn't. So I bought her a new clothes-wringer, and some brown calico for a dress. She was proud of me; she cried when I gave them to her."

She was drawing off her gloves; her head dropped. Bedford wondered what must be her thoughts. She had known nothing but luxury; she had studied in Europe.

"We were so poor that my ambitions would have died of starvation if I had been left to myself. But my mother encouraged them. We used to sit up nights to talk about it, and my hankering to get an education and amount to something got to be my ruling idea, and I stuck to it like a bull-dog. I went to school again part of every winter, and studied what I could besides. The same old hackneyed story of the struggling young American, you see, Miss Page. I don't think I was remarkable for anything but the variety of the things I did. My winter schooling prevented my having a steady job, and, anyhow, I was always looking for something to bring me in more than the last thing. I worked in several mills and factories. I did telegraphy for a while. The summer I was eighteen I went over to Milwaukee, and went on a lake boat as steward; hard work had made me look old, and I told them I was older than I was; I was up to all sorts of schemes in those days. We had saved up a little money by then, and I wanted to go into a small college near by us, and my mother backed me up. It was for her I was doing it all as much as for myself; I wanted to be able to make money in a gentlemanly way, and give *her* a little comfort and happiness for once in her hard life. But the next spring she died. She had worked too hard and worried too long."

He could not go on at the moment. The girl sat motionless. The black pines of the Point were not far off.

"There isn't much more to tell," said Bedford. "At first I had no heart for anything. She was all I had. I kept some of her things—her thimble, worn jagged on one side, and her few poor dresses; I have kept them always. After my first wretchedness, I think the thought of what she had wanted me to do drove me on. I went into the college, and got through it by means of hard and lively work during vacations. The few things I hadn't done already I did during those four years. I was assistant janitor of the college buildings, too. Even in that rude little Western college the fellows rather looked down on me, but I was hardened to things of that kind. I got my diploma, and then I taught school awhile, and read law evenings. Then I travelled for a flour-mill for two years, because there was more money in it than in teaching. I went to Milwaukee then, and got into a law-office where I wasn't really wanted, and did some clerical work for them and read law, and after a while I was admitted to the bar. That's all of it. I came up here and settled, because I liked the idea of working up a practice in a growing place. I did work one up, and now it seems likely I shall go to the Assembly. I am glad of it, because it will help my practice, and I care more for that than for politics. But that is my 'career,' Miss Page. I am not very greatly cultivated, because I have never had time for it. I have read as much as I could afford to, and two years ago I travelled around the country a little; but my widest experience has been of poverty and hard work. It has made me look older than I am, but that has been to my advantage."

He guided the boat among the snags and floating logs that flanked the shore, and brought it crunching to land. A warm wind swept their faces, and the odor of the pines was strong. At one point, near at hand, a light twinkled through the trees, and the notes of a violin sounded sharply and loudly through the silence.

"You remember that man that came and shook hands with me on the ferry-boat one evening?" said Bedford. "He is a Milwaukee patent-medicine man. I sold his medicines for him all over the State one summer when I was in college, and he remembered me."

She kept her silence, and his whimsical smile faded. He feared he had gone too far, and disgusted her with the pitifulness of his story. He had only meant to prove to her that he realized as plainly as she the great and impassable distance that was between them. They climbed the little rise beyond the wet beach, and he helped her with the tenderness it was beyond his power to keep wholly in check.

"If you have thought better of going to the Palace Pavilion," he said, "we will stroll across to the lake."

"Not see the Palace Pavilion?" Miss Page cried, protestingly. "It is what we came for."

They penetrated the woods to the cleared spot where the Palace Pavilion had been erected. The name had been painted redly across one side; an occasional letter remained. It was a rude shed, forty feet square, with great cracks in its weather-worn sides. Closely approached, it seemed that the music and the pounding feet must dissipate the silence for miles. They went in and sat down on the bench that skirted the room. The fiddler and a man who thumped chords out of a melodeon sat on a high platform. Pine boughs and dirty red bunting ornamented the rough boards.

"It is open Sunday nights also," said Bedford; "two evenings a week. They are all servant-girls and their beaux, you see, and a good share of them Swedes. It is very popular; they come from far and near, and Sunday nights it is generally crowded. You can get peanuts and soft drinks at a stand outside, and go down by the lake and get cooled off between dances. On hot nights it isn't unusual for the fellows to take their coats off. The round dances are free to all. But you see that man behind that counter in the corner?—the men have to pay him ten cents for every square dance, and they sprinkle them in pretty frequently."

It was a polka. Among the dancers there was some careless grace, some stylishness of a bold sort, some beauty. They were at once conscious of the interlopers and of their foreign quality. The girls, for the most part, when they circled near them, examined Miss Page's every point with a perfectly open curiosity.

"It is so strange!" she said. "Here in this wild place, here in the woods, this spot of vivid life."

He studied the bounding couples. "Come down to the bottom facts," he said, reflectively, "and it is not strange. It is the same principle that populates a New York ball-room."

"Sociability?"

"Love," said Bedford, "or the desire of it. That has accounted for stranger things than the Palace Pavilion."

"You are very clever," she said, meeting his eyes and smiling.

The interim between dances was short. The company rested on the bench mainly, but some of them strolled off. Several of the men smoked. A man in his shirt sleeves walked around the room talking in loud persuasion.

"Here, now, you needn't sneak off. We're going to give you a quadrille, best one you ever shook your feet to. 'Tain't but ten cents. Worth fifty. Walk up there to the counter, you fellers, and do the square thing. We give you all the round dances free fer nothin', and you don't want the earth, do you? Hurry up; music's goin' to begin. Fill up the floor! What's the matter with *you*, Ole Larsen?"

"Ay bene tired yoost now," Ole Larsen answered, banteringly.

"Yah! You and Yennie yoost come along here," said the manager. "And the rest of you fellers. Get a move on you."

A young fellow who was standing near Bedford, having paid his dime, came a step nearer. He was good-looking and broad-shouldered, he had a blue silk handkerchief twisted around his neck; and he wore a buoyant smile of factitious ingenuousness. He lifted his hat. "Can I have the pleasure of this square dance, miss?" he said to Miss Page. "G. B. Callahan, at your service."

Bedford fixed him with a stern gaze, some sharp word on the end of his tongue. But she touched his arm in repression, and laid her gloves on his knee with a smile that curved the corners of her mouth downward. "With pleasure," she answered.

Bedford stared after her. He had discovered that her moods were varied and her courage considerable, but he had scarcely been prepared for this. He laughed after a moment. An unreasoning pleasure possessed him. In the ball-room of the Grand Hotel he had felt a gnawing jealousy of her partners. He was not jealous of Mr. Callahan. The dance began. He watched her with only a joyous appreciation of her gracefulness and her charming manner, as though she were dancing there for him alone. The entire company watched her with undisguised astonishment. The young man with the blue silk handkerchief eyed her sideways, and touched her respectfully and charily. He was hoist by his own petard; the joke was on him, and he was not wholly happy. Occasionally between the figures she spoke to him, and he answered with good taste and suavity. The fiddler called the figures in a yell. She advanced and retreated, swung with Mr. Callahan and with the other men, schottisched hither and thither, marched in line with the three other girls, danced with them around the men standing motionless. Her hat lapsed to one side, a flush mounted in her cheeks; when she looked towards Bedford her eyes sparkled. He could have watched her all night with that insane satisfaction, but the fiddler stopped with some suddenness after a scant ten cents' worth. Mr. Callahan walked with his partner once around the room, then made a bow, with his heels close together and his toes spread.

"He is from our town," said Miss Page, "and he will vote for you, I think; I told him he'd better. We can go now, if you like; I don't intend to dance again."

"Suppose *I* want to dance?" said Bedford, and she laughed. They left the light and the dust and the loud talk and the tawdriness, and went out into the leafy coolness of the night.

"He was really a good dancer," said Miss Page. They could hear the washing of the lake. "Let us go down to the beach."

They went a few steps in silence. He kept his eyes away from her, but she looked up at him, swinging her hat in her hand. And suddenly his self-restraint gave way. He caught her hands tightly and not too gently.

"I never thought *you* would do such a thing as to dance at the Palace Pavilion," he said. "Do you want to know what I was thinking while you were dancing? I wished you *were* one of them. Then I could tell you how much I love you, how dearly, and make you care a little for me, perhaps." He freed her hands. She waited a little, scarcely breathing.

"You make it hard for me," she cried, warmly, when he said no more, and she was childishly half crying. "I have done enough, and said enough. You are so blind! I know you have been half-way afraid of me. You are so absurd! And I have tried to show you—I danced that quadrille purposely. Oh, well, if you can't see!"

A few minutes later they sat on a smooth-washed bowlder on the lake shore. "It is a mistake," said Bedford, in his joyful security. "You will marry a man unequal to you in all the little ways that count for so much in your world. I shall not let you be sorry; you shall never be sorry; but if it should be a mistake—" She tucked her hand in his arm in a tender contempt of answering, and leaned her cheek on his shoulder. To the west the harbor lights shone bright, and the lights of the vessels lying there. And the cliff-built city, had their happy eyes been turned upon it, gleamed with a wonderful widespread radiance.

MEN IN EVIDENCE.

The violent scenes accompanying the "sympathetic" strike of the American Railway Union have brought before the public four men who are, each in his way, typical of the varying character of the American nation. The first and in some respects the most important of these is Major-General Miles; the second, more conspicuous, more complex and puzzling, is Governor John B. Altgeld, of Illinois; the third is Mayor Hopkins, of the city of Chicago; and the fourth, Attorney-General Olney.

General Miles represents not only the army, but the national government. He is the right arm of the Federal Executive, now for the first time in our history, extended to enforce the Federal law in the protection of that vast body of interests—practically the interests of the entire population—known in the Constitution as "commerce between the States." For such a charge it is plain that a man is required of perfect loyalty, of trained capacity, of sound judgment, unmoved by fear or passion, independent of political pressure, uninfluenced by prejudice, a ruler of others and of himself. General Miles is such a man. He is a born soldier, but a citizen soldier. A Massachusetts volunteer Lieutenant in 1861, at the age of twenty-two, he was a Major-General of Volunteers in 1865, then a Colonel of the regular army, and by steady promotion is now a Major-General, and by the close of this year will be the Major-General commanding the armies of the United States, next in military rank to the President. This remarkable career is due to his native qualities, unaided by any influence or intrigue. His services since the close of the war of the rebellion have been at once brilliant and of the greatest permanent value to the country. They have consisted in practically putting an end to Indian wars. He has subdued the warlike Sioux under Sitting-Bull and Crazy-Horse, subdued the Nez-Percés under Chief Joseph, brought the Bannocks within their lawful reservation, and finally—the most difficult, splendid, and skilful of all his work—he hunted down Geronimo and the Apaches of Arizona, the best and most stubborn Indian fighter of the continent, freed the whole Southwestern territory of all Indian dangers, and left the way to civilization clear to the Pacific. And this work he has done not merely with indomitable courage and energy and skill, but with a broad, just, and humane consideration for all the rights of the Indians, so that the race can be said to have no firmer or more faithful friend than the conqueror of their warriors.

In Chicago the effect of General Miles's presence and control has been decisive, and though not a fatal shot has been fired by his command, order has gradually and now completely been restored. He has steadily concentrated his force, disposed it in a way to be most useful if occasion required its use, and the community has known, through every stratum of it, that if it became necessary to use it, there would be no hesitation and no drawing back. Amid the most intense excitement General Miles has been cool, quiet, self-possessed, and cheerful, making no threats, employing no angry or boastful language, but making all understand that his duty would be done as completely in the streets of Chicago as in the face of the Indian foe. And when he resumes the regular occupation of a military commander in time of peace, he will leave at the scene of his recent operations nothing but respect, admiration, and affection.

Governor Altgeld is to-day perhaps the most unpopular and detested man in public life in the United States. He was elected Governor of Illinois in 1892, contrary to the expectations of all the politicians, by virtue not of any strong personal following, nor as the representative of any general sentiment, but of his remarkable energy and skill as a political manager, backed by the systematic and not too scrupulous use of large wealth. He is still a young man, about forty-five, a German by birth, a lawyer by profession, of blameless private and family life. He is generally believed to be a demagogue and a "crank." Those who know him best, and who do not at all share his ideas or aims, say that he is neither, but that he is, on the one hand, very ambitious, and, on the other, is strongly imbued with the spirit and thought of the German socialists. His most unpopular act—the pardoning of the anarchists—was certainly one of courage, and was the act of a lawyer with a narrow and intense respect for legal principles as he saw them. It was also the act of a man profoundly confident of himself, for the legal opinion on which he acted was opposed by the best authorities, and was not at all a sufficient or relevant ground for official executive action. His protest to President Cleveland against the sending of Federal troops to Illinois was also the work of a contracted legal mind under the influence of strong personal feeling. It wholly misrepresented both the facts as they were known to exist in Illinois and the avowed purpose and authority of the President's action. It assumed that General Miles was sent to keep the general peace, which he was not, and ignored the failure of the State authorities to preserve order. Logically it was weak, and in the light of a Governor's duty it was a terrible blunder. But it was not the work of a weak man. Mr. Altgeld does not regard himself, as Governor, as Americans trained in our ideas of civic duty would regard him; he thinks of himself as the champion of the rights of "the people" as he understands the people, and, curiously enough, this millionaire understands the people to be not only the poorest, but those who have the least respect for the rights of property. In any case involving a question of official authority on the one side, and indifference or resistance to law on the other, Mr. Altgeld would instinctively throw all his influence and all his official authority on the side of the latter. He presents the curious spectacle of the Chief Executive of a great State and a highly successful lawyer retaining himself as counsel for those opposed to the law. It is an utterly untenable position, but the man who holds to it firmly and who is endowed with so powerful a personality is not to be dismissed lightly.

Mayor Hopkins, of Chicago, was elected last spring, after the assassination of Carter Harrison. It has been said above that he is a typical man, but the type is by no means an extraordinary one. He is a perfectly respectable citizen, whose sympathies are all on the side of law and order, of fair ability and of excellent intentions, who, before the trying exigencies of the strike days came upon him like a cyclone, was making an estimable and useful Mayor. He was employing the considerable powers of his office with discretion and an honorable desire to manage the city business on sound and honest business principles. When the upheaval came, his first impulse was to seek refuge in a "compromise," and he set on foot a movement for removing the alleged cause of all the disturbance by inducing the Pullman Company to "arbitrate." But when this utterly failed, as it ought to have failed, he did as many a peace-loving citizen pushed to the wall will do—he fought well. He directed the police to disperse at all hazards the mobs that ought to have been prevented from gathering, and he called on the Governor for militia, which were rather reluctantly furnished, but which with one volley really cut the spinal cord of the riot. In this he was sustained by the presence of General Miles, and the consciousness that the artillery of the United States was landed.

These are the three actors in the most remarkable chapter of recent history. Back of these, however, in a sense the moving spirit of the government, defining its authority and calling into action its reserved powers, has been Richard Olney, of Massachusetts, the Attorney-General. This is not the place to trace in full the influence of his course. Suffice it to say that his cool and steady brain has discovered and given vitality to a doctrine of the authority of the national government, derived from the constitutional provision as to commerce between the States, which may be said seriously to modify and extend that authority. When the troops shall be recalled to their regular stations, and order reign again, the government of the United States will be found clothed with before unsuspected power, and laden with a corresponding responsibility.

SENATOR DAVIS AND THE ANARCHISTS.

A WORD fitly spoken, says the Good Book, is like apples of gold in pictures of silver. It fell to the lot of Senator Davis, of Minnesota, last week, to say this seasonable word in the Senate of the United States. The word could not have been more seasonable. Senator Peffer, of Kansas, had been making a tirade in the interest of the persons rioting at Chicago and elsewhere; and anybody who heard the tirade, or who read the report of it, must have felt that it was a most un-American, most uncivilized, and most inhuman speech. It was the fortune of Senator Davis to make the reply to it, and to give expression to the sentiments that must have been excited in the heart of every civilized American who had heard or read it. He not only did it extremely well, and disposed entirely of the Kansas anarchist, but he performed a very substantial service to the body of which he is a member. The notion that the Senate of the United States is a class apart, and that it does not really "belong" to the United States, has long been a suspicion, and has of late become more than a suspicion. In order to refute it, or to mitigate it, it was necessary that some Senator should speak with such vigor and timeliness as to summon the attention of the country, the real sentiments of the country, and this is what Senator Davis did. There may have been other Senators who could have done it as well or even better, but he was the Senator who happened to do it, and thereby not only centred the attention of the people upon himself, but did a great service to the Senate. The service was repeated by General Gordon, who made an excellent speech from the Southern and ex-Confederate point of view, and strengthened the impression made by Mr. Davis's wholesome and breezy remarks. The speech of the Minnesota Senator was like "the breath of nature, blowing free," in a very much sophisticated if not positively tainted atmosphere.

Of the two dangerous forces that are now at work in American society, to wit, plutocracy and anarchy, the Senate is commonly supposed to be the citadel of the former, and there is some basis of evidence for the supposition. But anarchy has also its mouthpieces in the Senate, of which Senator Peffer is perhaps the most persistent and tedious. In the case of the railroad strike it was evident that anarchy was the most formidable enemy of our institutions, and when a Senator appeared to speak for it, the case seemed serious until another Senator appeared to speak against it. Senator Davis simply appeared as the spokesman of the American people, and the American people accepted his exposition of their sentiments. When he said that Senator Peffer had presented himself to the country as "the spokesman of a mob," he said what was instantaneously and universally recognized to be true, and what Senator Peffer vainly tried to evade. There are certain feelings and instincts, far deeper than logical speech, that make the maintenance of republican institutions possible. It is these feelings and instincts that Senator Peffer outraged, and that Sentor Davis vindicated.

THE GOVERNOR OF INDIANA.

GOVERNOR MATTHEWS of Indiana was one of the results of the "tidal wave" of 1892, being floated into office on the crest of tariff reform and Cleveland, and being inducted into office in the ensuing January. He would, in the ordinary course of affairs, have fulfilled his unexacting functions without thereby coming into national prominence, if it had not happened that the town of Hammond, which is, in fact, a suburb of Chicago and a railroad junction of great importance, happens to be territorially within the limits of the State of Indiana, and subject to the jurisdiction of Governor Matthews. The responsibility imposed by the strike upon that Governor was therefore very serious and considerable. His proposition to the Governor of Illinois for a joint police of the two States was a very sensible proposition, and would have been more effective if the Governor of Illinois had happened to be a decent American citizen, and not essentially a European anarchist.

THE GENERAL MASTER WORKMAN.

MR. SOVEREIGN is the second person who has held the place of General Master Workman of the "noble and holy order" of the Knights of Labor. The first was Terence V. Powderly, who has now retired to private life. He is not so gentle and benevolent as Powderly was, but he is far more of a rhetorician. As a rhetorician he is indeed what is called in current and deplorable slang a "terror." He never misses an opportunity to launch a proclamation, and the proclamation always contains withering reference to the robber barons of the Middle Ages. But, in spite of his eloquence, the knights do not quit work when he calls them out. They have learned something by their experience with the benign Powderly. When the American Railway Union got into trouble with the authorities by reason of violating the statutes, General Master Workman Sovereign ordered a general strike. Everybody who was supporting himself or his family by unskilled manual labor was to stop working. What good that would have done him or anybody else did not appear. It does not appear even yet, because Mr. Sovereign's order was extensively disregarded. The largest estimate of the number of men who quit work because he told them to is 15,000, whereas at one time Mr. Powderly could have called out not far from ten times that number. The "sympathetic strike" has thus not stricken, but Mr. Sovereign has remained in possession of his rhetoric. His manifesto before he issued the order that was so extensively disobeyed was quite a masterpiece of composition. Though he does not seem to be as efficacious as other labor leaders who are his inferiors in English composition, Mr. Sovereign, as a General Master Workman of the Knights of Labor, remains an interesting person and an instructive sign of the times.

JUST TIME TO THINK.

A Note of the Apache War.

BY TOM HALL.

THERE was not very much time to think. He could see the muzzles of their guns sticking out of the rocks. The little puffs of smoke that they emitted seemed as innocent as stray clouds in a summer sky. Once in a moment or so he could see the red head-band of an Apache as he aimed—that and the smoke, the rocks, and the sunlight were quite all he could see.

And he was going at a full gallop straight at them, followed by a pitiful handful of men—a handful that is called a platoon in the insignificant army of the strongest nation on the earth. In a few minutes, seconds perhaps, he would cease to exist, whatever that meant. He would be simply another young army officer carried on the papers of the regiment as "died in action." The businesslike United States of America does not erect monuments to men who meet their death in mere Indian warfare.

He tried to calculate the number of seconds of life left to him. Two hundred yards was about the distance, and he was going at a good swinging gallop. But he could not remember the length of a charger's stride at the gallop to save him. It was exasperating. He had recited on that very subject at the Academy only a few months before without an error. So he tried to think of people.

And first of all he wondered whether any people were of value to the world at all? He had heard older officers say cynically that mere men were never missed by the world, no matter who they were. But it did seem wrong that he, young, strong, ambitious, and splendidly educated, should die thus in the very budding of his manhood without an achievement accomplished and without a friend satisfied. Then his mind took a queer turn, and he began to think of perhaps the very humblest of his acquaintances. He began to think of McCarthy, of his own troop, who had been left behind at the post with half a dozen others because a shiftless government had failed to supply the troop with its full quota of horses.

He had tried to teach McCarthy to read and write, even though his Captain had laughed at him, and his comrades had chaffed at him for his adolescence. But he had always felt the necessity of doing something in the way of work, and so he had undertaken McCarthy; and he feared now that perhaps even McCarthy had laughed at him, things go so strangely in this world.

Then he thought of a girl back in the East, to whom he was engaged.

His father had laughed at him when he announced the engagement, and told him that he would be engaged a dozen times in all probability before he was settled for life, and his mother had merely smiled in a knowing way, and remarked that she had heard "that she was a very nice young lady."

But he and she knew how much they were to each other.

And he remembered, too, how many delicious day dreams he had pictured for her when he was back at the Academy in the glory of his first class year, and she was one of "the ladies who come up in June" to all but himself. And he remembered how she would smile and blush and agree with him in all his plans with the delightful confidence and trust of a young girl who is experiencing young love.

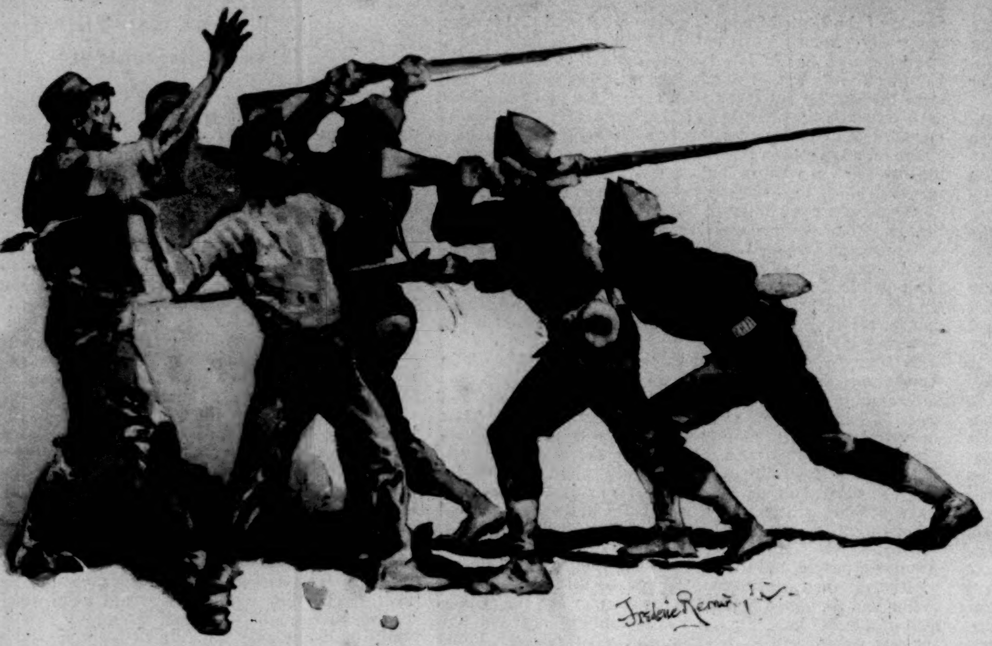
He wondered whether she would remember him—always, as they had promised each other. He wondered if she would wear black for him and pray for him dead, just as she told him she prayed for him every night while living. He could see her in her white dress, slender and fair, standing in the doorway of the cloak-room, waiting for him to come and take her to the ballroom. He could almost count the roses she used to hold in her hand, and he even thought he could detect their perfume.

And then he thought of his mother—and he almost wished to cry aloud to her as he used to when he was a child waking from a bad dream, and ask her to take him in her arms. But instead he remembered that though barely of age he was a trained soldier. So he rose in his stirrups and waved his revolver over his head, crying very bravely, "Come on, boys; wade in!" just as a hideous Apache squinted along a gun-barrel and pulled a trigger—and he thought no more forever.

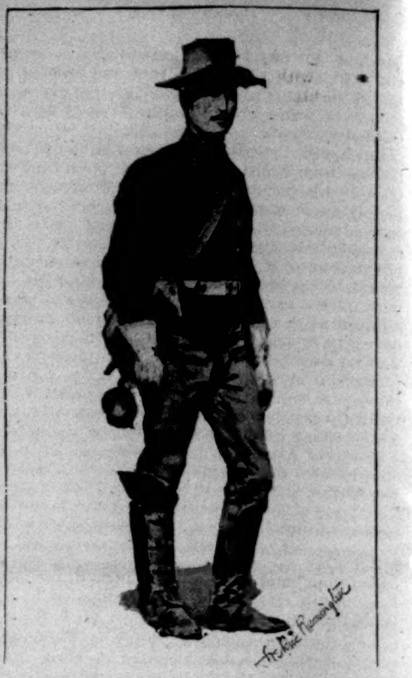
AN IMPRESSION.

DEBS!
A splendid rhyme for "Rebs!"
It always has occurred to me
In writing—well, say poetry—
That there were words—
By dozens—herds—
That had no rhyme
Quite up to time.
But Debs,
When rhymed with Rebs,
Seems wondrous sensible,
So reprehensible
Is Debs.
It goes with ebbs,
Which shows a tendency
For the ascendancy
Of Government o'er Debs.
Dear Debs doth show
Not in the flow;
Contrariwise, the tide is low
For Debs.
We're on the brink,
Some people think,
Of anarchy;
But as for me
I don't believe it. I'll confess
It sometimes seems so in the press.
The populists
Would like to govern with their fists;
But on the whole, from Texas up to Maine,
The anarchist's distinctly on the wane.
From Florida to far off Idaho
The teachings of that tribe have little go;
And we've enough of people with prepense
For decent living and for solid sense
To save the land, including Pennsylvania,
From what I think is simple Debsomania.
Some people write it "dipso"—I'm too dense
I must admit to see much difference.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS



"GIVING THE BUTT"—THE WAY THE "REGULAR" INFANTRY TACKLES A MOB.



ONE OF CAPT. CAPRON'S BATTERY-MEN.

CHICAGO UNDER THE MOB.

BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR.

I PASSED hundreds of burning cars, acres of old car-wheels from which the wood-work had gone up in smoke. I saw the soldiers along the track, and we were the only train in that day. Every one was asking every one else, "Do you think we will make it?" We did make it, and the following evening I went to Hammond with three companies of regular infantry, to raise the blockade of turned-over cars and spiked switches, and we let the only train out which had been over the road in twenty-four hours.

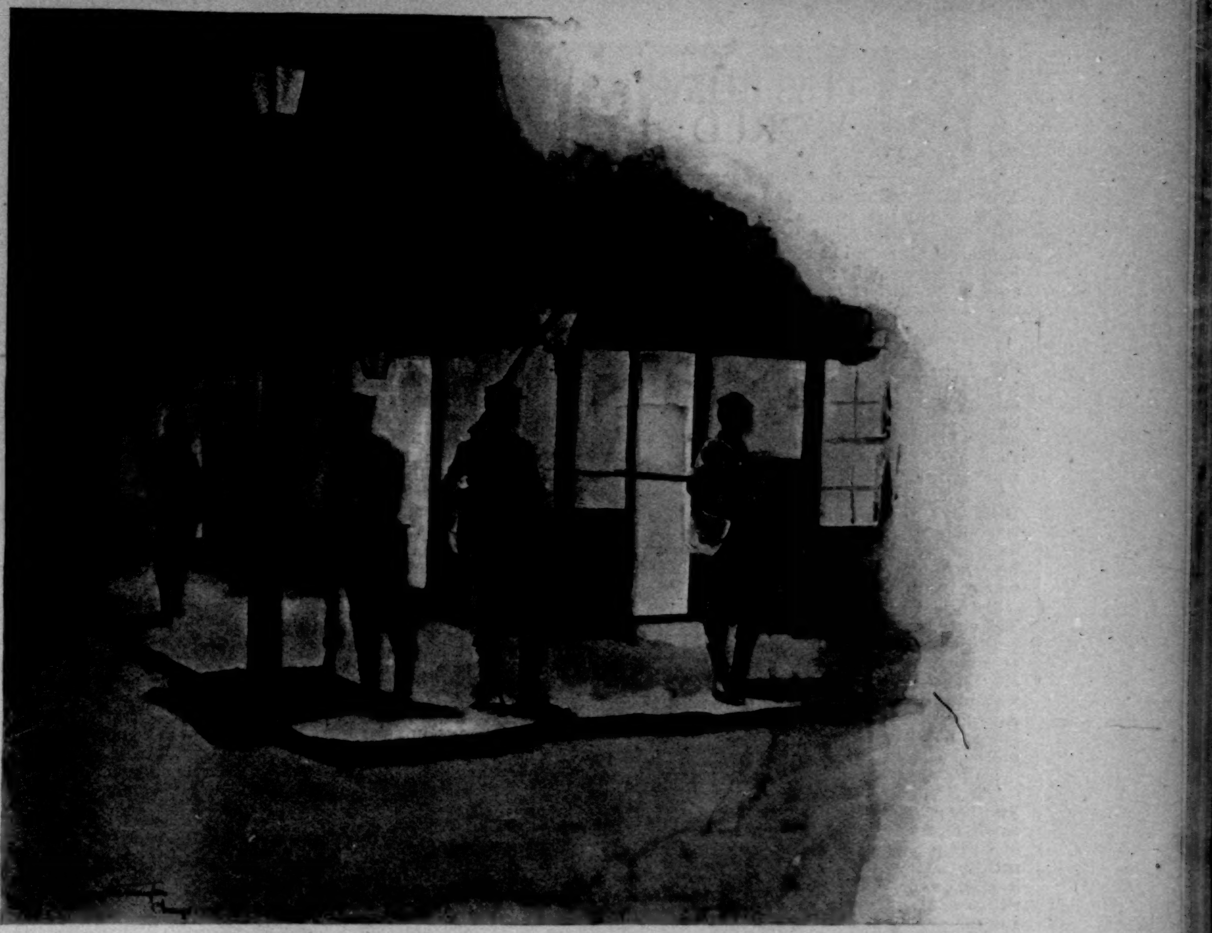
On the green of the Lake Front before the Auditorium Hotel burned the camp-fires of the troops. I went over to them and met men. There was Captain Capron, standing in front of his battery park, as natural as when I had last seen him at Pine Ridge, just after Wounded Knee. There were his troops of the gallant Seventh, and acres of infantry. The camp-fires burned, the horses stamped and struck at each other on the picket-lines, the Sibleys loomed, and the sentries paced, while the men lay about in groups. I called the attention of the officers to it, saying, "This is on the Plains, but look beyond at the gray buildings towering into the misty night, with their thousands of twinkling windows, and is this not a contrast?" We all admired; then some one broke the silence, "And this country is that for which our fathers fought!"—and a solemn pause—"I suppose we will have to fight some for it ourselves."

Well, it is a great change of air for the Seventh Cavalry. The regiment was born on the Platte River, pretty far up stream, and it has never been far enough East until the last few years to buy a fine-tooth comb or hear a hand-organ; but it is East now, and right in the middle of civilization; it is right on the scene of the great Fair, the fame of which told even Kalmuck Tartars that of all, Chicago was greatest; but it has fifty copper cylinders in its belt, and its old campaign hat on, and there are things in Chicago it doesn't like, and if you want the recreated spirit of Homer you ought to hear a Seventh Cavalry trooper tell what he thinks of Chicago's mob. Chicago's mob doesn't like the Seventh Cavalry, or at least what it has seen of it. Captain L. R. Hare, with K Troop, rode through the stock-yards over the tracks, and the mob couldn't get used to his horses, and they didn't stop to try. They called his soldiers vile names, and United States soldiers are not used to being called names, and they get mad about it. The men boil inwardly, but the order "to shoot" didn't come, so the poor soldier had to sit his horse and frown, and "cuss" inwardly. But he is bottling up a seething vat of wrath, and if it ever comes out it will scorch something. It is awful bad messing for troop-horses, charging on track; it pulls the troop in the frogs of the track, and it slips, but United States cavalry can go anywhere—that's an axiom. After the malodorous crowd of anarchistic foreign trash had run as far as its breath would hold out and the cavalry halted, a real workman came out on a window-landing of a big factory, and shook his fist at the flying mob. "Kill 'em—kill every one of 'em, you soldiers; they are cowards; they 'ain't got no wives and children; they are cowardly whelps, and they do me harm who have a wife and children, and wants to make an honest living. Damn 'em, I wish I was a soldier." Whereat Uncle Sam's troopers felt refreshed morally.

Before the charge some men undertook to throw stones. Captain Hare raised his arm, and a man, evidently an American, came out of the crowd and harangued it: "Now go away; them's United States soldiers, and they are ordered here, and they'll shoot if they get the order—only no one's got the sand to give it to them—and if they shoot they'll kill a heap of people; they can't help it; don't curse them; curse Cleveland; he's the man that they represent;" but he was howled down by a mob too beery to comprehend even that much sense.

When I went with the three companies of infantry to Hammond, they got the order in their camp, were packed

THE CHICAGO STRIKES—UNITED STATES CAVALRY IN THE STOCK-YARDS.



ILLINOIS NATIONAL GUARDS PICKET IN THE STREETS OF CHICAGO AT NIGHT.

in fifteen minutes, and "right forward—fours right," they swung off down the road.

It would do any soldier's heart good, it would fairly fill his eye, to see our United States soldiers out here—it is so refreshing to one who knows how to estimate parade-day affairs—the businesslike look, the utter "don't care" of the men, the perfect machine, the tall, bronzed young athletes with the packs and campaign hats, the water and grub and 100 rounds, the officers in flannel shirts with revolver and sword. And right here I must say that I have associated with the enlisted men of our army, and a cleaner, decenter lot of young fellows can't be found anywhere. They are pure and simple of speech, they are honest, and no man can be one who can't pass the most rigid physical examination imaginable; and to see them stand in front of the howling mobs—grim, no emotion—a perfect mental calm, generaled by the knowledge of the usefulness of the technique of their trade—to hit a man at 500 yards with a Springfield—is a simple delight. They don't think that the mob have a correct and proper appreciation of their trade, and it piques them; they have lain out on the target range at 700 yards of a long summer day, and calculated the light and the wind, and gotten up quite an enthusiasm over a painted black spot and a little record-book, and when a vicious wretch with no blood circulating above his ears calls them names their sporting blood is aroused. In spite of all their repression they have their little opportunities. An officer told me that he was escorting wagons in the early morning and went back to get one out that was stalled. A fellow on the sidewalk said, "Hello, Gen'l Miles, I'd like to kick the face off you," and this to a very little dismounted trooper.

"Hold my horse, some one," pleaded the little one.

Here the Lieutenant had business further up.

"You will, will you?" And a big tough got so awfully tangled up with 130 pounds of government clothes that he couldn't separate himself until he was in much need of a doctor. But, however, that's not much satisfaction.

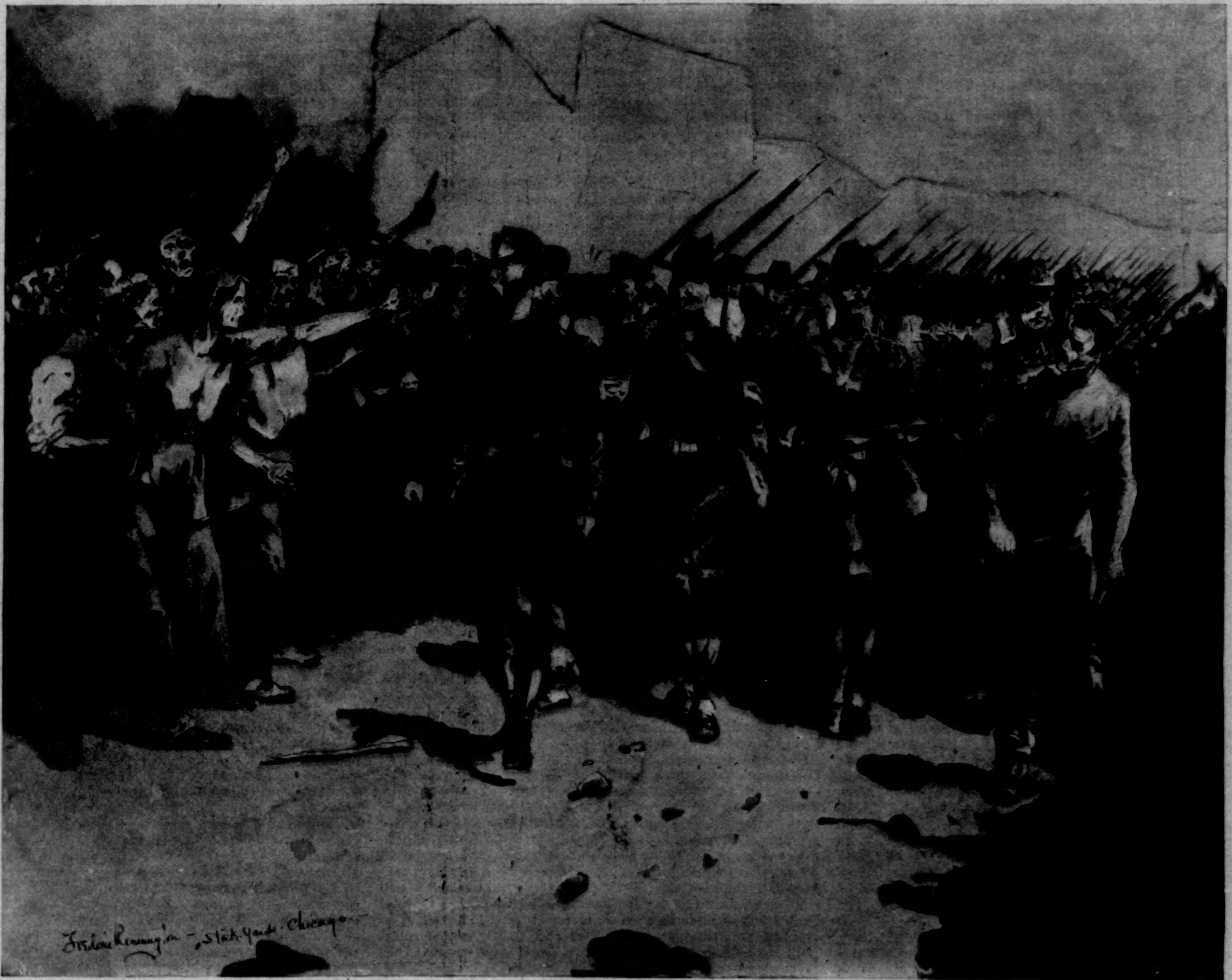
The task which has fallen to the soldiers out here is something too much to ask of such men. Our statesmen fail to understand that soldiers are not police, and that police-work deteriorates troops. Soldiers only know their trade—that's fighting. They never study law or how to be diplomatically nice on occasion. They should never be made to associate with a mob, except after their manner, which is to get strategically near enough and then shoot.

In consequence, the easy-going soldier mind out here has been strained to its utmost. When infantry must walk through a seething mass of smells, stale beer, and bad language, such as my picture indicates, they don't at all understand. The soldier idea would be to create about eleven cords of compost out of the material at hand. And, again, the soldier mind doesn't understand this Hungarian or Polack, or whatever the stuff is; he will talk to a real American striker in an undertone, and tell him it is best to go home and not get shot, but he tells me in his simple way, "Say, do you know them things ain't human?—before God I don't think they are men."

Chicago is a social island; there is nothing like it elsewhere; it has the "scourin's, the rinsin's, and the clanin's," as Mulvaney would say, and it's had some politics for twenty years which would make a moral idiot suck for his breath, and Altgeld is the crowning glory. I asked some Democratic politicians out here how he ever came to be Governor, and they said, "Do you know, we have been asking ourselves that"; and shortly they added, "but we'll see that he ain't again—if God will forgive us."

When a Governor takes the raging, savage, unthinking mob, as it stands in front of the police and the soldiers, into partnership—that's a climax.

Meanwhile this city is in a state of anarchy. With the police withdrawn to fight mobs, a man's life is not worth any more than some thief will pay for it, and every one goes about with his gun. It is much like Hayes City, Kansas, in early days. The fools are on top. I say the fools, for who will all this benefit—no one, not even the fools who are the blatant boosters of this rape of government.


Frederic Remington – Stock Yards Chicago

THE CHICAGO STRIKES—UNITED STATES INFANTRY IN THE STOCK-YARDS.

"To Hell with the United States Government!"

THIS BUSY WORLD

THE best execrated of contemporary humans is Debs of Terre Haute. The man who stabbed Carnot was a poor, foolish young Italian, on whom, on this side of the Atlantic, there was no great disposition to waste epithets. But Debs, in spite of his record as a dipsomaniac, makes pretences at least to responsibility; and though there is only a limited amount of satisfaction in denouncing a new acquaintance, the disposition has been tolerably general to get whatever comfort there was out of calling him names.

But even Debs has a defender. It is asserted that he is the intimate friend of James Whitcomb Riley, the Hoosier poet. Riley has not spoken for him yet; but another well-known Western bard—Eugene Field of Chicago—declares that he is not the violent person that the contemporary fancy makes him out. Mr. Field admits that, to his thinking, Debs has been "laboring in serious error," but he insists that, far from being the dictatorial monster that he is represented to be, he is really one of the blandest of living men. Debs, says Mr. Field, has neither horns nor cloven feet, but is a mild-eyed, mild-mannered, and sentimental person; an omnivorous reader, who knows yards and yards of poetry by heart; a sincere man, earnest and honest, incapable of violence, sympathetic, and benevolent.

Debs may be a sucking dove, but all the same he bites. The virtues he is said to possess are well adapted to make home happy, and of course the quicker and more continuously Debs devotes them to that laudable use the better for all hands—and most particularly for Debs. Since the key was turned on William Curtis Perry, the express robber, no American has got so much fame in so short a time as Debs. He is a new sort of Napoleon, as curious a phenomenon in his field as the late Napoleon Ives was in finance.

The Boston *Transcript* finds fault with the list lately published of people who are interested in the proposed memorial to Mr. George William Curtis because it includes the names of some persons "of late identified with the anti-woman-suffrage agitation in New York." It protests with some heat and some rather abusive implications that "with Curtis woman suffrage was the dominant, the characteristic note, and no despiser of woman's proffer of political help is fit to be a sincere friend and guardian of his fame."

The *Transcript* takes much too limited a view of Mr. Curtis. He had many sides and many interests, and many men of many minds looked up to him and honored him as the nearest approach to their ideal citizen. Many of his warmest supporters admired and believed in him without any consideration of his views on the woman-suffrage question, and with but slight interest in that question one way or the other. For one thing, Mr. Curtis was perhaps the most prominent representative of the cause of civil service reform, and of the political ideals that are linked with it. To shut out from participation in the work of raising a memorial to him all who have not yet come to share his convictions about woman suffrage would be as great an injustice to his memory as it would be to the persons excluded. He was much too large a man to be dealt with in that small way, as the *Transcript* will probably admit when the heat of the present suffrage discussion is over.

Two of a trade seem to agree no better in astronomy than in the concerns of earth. Director Holden, of the Lick Observatory in California, does not concur in the opinion expressed by Mr. Percival Lowell in an address before a scientific society of Boston that we are on the eve of definite discovery about the habitability of other worlds. Professor Holden thinks that almost all living astronomers will agree that there is no reasonable probability of such discoveries at the present time. Some reports of natural features and phenomena in the planet Mars made by Professor William Pickering from observations taken at Arequipa, in Peru, in 1892, puzzled Professor Holden, because he was looking at Mars at the time through a thirty-six-inch telescope, and could not see enough to warrant the conclusions drawn by Professor Pickering from observations made through a thirteen-inch telescope. Inasmuch as Professor Pickering is to be the chief observer at the branch office of the Harvard Observatory, which is about to be opened by Mr. Lowell in Arizona, Professor Holden may probably be trusted to keep an eye on the heavens from his perch in California at the same time that Professor Pickering is looking out near by, and when Professor Pickering telegraphs, "I'll bet I see folks on Mars," Professor Holden will be in a position to cover his money. As the special hope of the observers at the Lowell Observatory is to find signs of life in other planets, it is as well perhaps that there should be a sceptical astronomer with a competent instrument at hand to audit their discoveries. Discoveries that Professor Holden and Professor Pickering agree upon seem likely to be facts.

The Massachusetts Floral Emblem Society has organized a national movement looking to the adoption of a flower as a national emblem, and of other flowers as emblems of each of the States. England has her rose, Scotland her thistle, Ireland her shamrock, France her lily, but the United States has nary a flower that she can call her own. As for the States, Ohio has the buckeye, South Carolina the palmetto, and Connecticut the wooden nutmeg; but neither of these is a flower, exactly, though they might pass as vegetable emblems. Most of the other States have neglected to make any floral appropriation at all.

To get the people of so large a country to interest themselves in such a choice is a considerable undertaking; but the Floral Emblem Society is in no hurry, and means to take twenty years to it if necessary. In the course of time it hopes to get a full expression of the people's sentiments, and meanwhile it intends to inaugurate yearly floral festivals, conducted by associations, to keep the subject alive and promote botanical study. Verily it is a hopelessly orphaned sentiment that cannot fit itself out with adopted parents in the remarkable commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Just such a piece of domestic economy as one might have expected from the commonwealth of Massachusetts was the recent establishment by Legislature of a standard ink to be used all over the State in transacting the business and keeping the records of the commonwealth. Every one knows that the ink of contemporary commerce is a very uncertain quantity, which sometimes fades and sometimes doesn't, according to what it happens to have in it. It is obvious and has often been pointed out that records which are intended to last should be kept in something more reliable than any such haphazard fluid. The new plan in Massachusetts is to have the Secretary of State contract for ink enough to supply all demands of public officers, and have the quality of the ink determined by chemical tests.

There has been even more clamor about the quality of contemporary paper than about inks, but that mostly concerns the cheap paper made of clay strengthened with wood-pulp, that newspapers use. An occasional rag still struggles into writing and record paper, and Massachusetts seems not yet to have felt the need of legislating about that. Besides, private judgment is fairly competent to deal with paper. Cheap paper looks cheap, and rotten paper tears rotten. But all inks look about alike, and it takes a chemist to tell which will last and which won't.

Mr. St. Gaudens, the sculptor, seems to be one of the ablest men living in the difficult art of holding his peace. Doubtless his near friends know what his sentiments have been in the matter of the experiences of his World's Fair medal, but whatever disgust or regret he may have felt, the expression of it has never reached the public. Mr. Burnham met with a disappointment, and gave free course to his wrath, and called names at Secretary Carlisle. Mr. St. Gaudens has remained mute. To be sure, there were differences in the cases, since Mr. Burnham represented an association that believed itself to have been injured, while Mr. St. Gaudens's experience concerned only himself. All the same, there are American architects in good standing who would be better pleased if a fair degree of Mr. St. Gaudens's reticence had been available for Mr. Burnham's use.

The London *Times*, which gets its American news *viâ* Philadelphia, learns that "a strong movement has begun in favor of Senator Matthew S. Quay, of Pennsylvania, as Republican candidate for President in 1896. Powerful interests in New York, New Jersey, and other States," are mentioned as favorable to the candidacy of Senator Quay. Evidently the American correspondent of the *Times* permits himself the occasional relaxation of having fun with the Thunderer.

Johnnyboy is the title of a recent short story by Mr. Bret Harte, who seems in this instance to be intruding upon the family circle of that gifted contemporary humorist Mr. J. K. Bangs.

A Supreme Court Justice in Rhode Island has upheld the clerk of his court in denying the application of a newspaper reporter for the papers in a divorce case. The common law provides for an inspection of court records by all persons interested. The court held in this case that the reporter's interest was not of such a quality as to entitle him to a copy of the proceedings. Inasmuch as the reports of divorce cases seldom make really edifying literature, it is to be hoped that the decision is good law.

A rumor that George Meredith writes each of his chapters over three or four times before he is satisfied with it suggests to a contemporary paragrapher that there may be some relation between these rewritings and the number of times his readers have to go over his chapters in order to understand them.

A safer as well as a more complimentary hypothesis would seem to be that there may be a relation between the rewriting and the price that is paid Meredith for his finished product. One of the London gossips says that our Mr. Astor paid him five cents a word for his latest novel, which is not so very much of a price, anyhow, according to American standards, and is cheap if, as appears, it means one cent a word for each writing.

It takes a bold man to tackle a college president in his own college town. Mr. Maxwell Evarts is such a person, as is evinced by his recent remarks in New Haven about the administration of President Timothy Dwight. Undoubtedly in his criticism of latter-day tendencies at Yale he expressed the sentiments of many Yale graduates, who have grumbled not a little of late about Yale's seeming disposition to form too close an alliance with mammon. Not all Yale's graduates are proud of the costly new buildings which have supplanted the old, nor do all of them feel it a gain that dormitories which sheltered students of exemplary indigence have given place to finer ones, where only well-to-do young men can afford to live. Brick palaces don't make a university any more than stone walls make a prison. Nevertheless, to be well housed is commonly felt to be no detriment to a university's usefulness; and though there may be an important body of Yale men who share Mr. Evarts's views, the majority are likely to believe in the capacity of the university to assimilate all the architectural luxury and pride that come her way. College men form strong attachments to their college as they knew it, and are apt to croak whenever the old that was familiar gives way to the new and strange. Harvard in the last decade has built even more extensively than Yale, but has been fortunate in having room enough to afford fit sites to all her new structures without tearing any old one down. Nevertheless, President Eliot has not entirely escaped the same sort of criticism that is aimed at President Dwight, as being too much alive to the material prosperity of his university, and not solicitous enough for the perpetuation of her ideals. But these are largely sentimental mutterings, and are apt to weigh very light in the balance against the substantial evidences of what is known as "solid success."

People who have been to Egypt, or who hope to go to Egypt, or who hope that their children may go to Egypt, or who have an altruistic interest in the preservation of Egyptian monuments for the gratification of posterity, are notified that, whereas when the Nile overflows the water runs down around the Temple of Karnak, and dissolving certain salts in the soil, eats into the bases of the columns and other remains of that famous ruin, causing them in time to topple over, as many of them have done already, it is purposed by the British Society for the Preservation of Egyptian Monuments to set up a steam-pump near the temple, which shall keep the ruins dry in times of inundation, and save all that is left of them in good order for all time to come. But the pump and its accessories will cost £1300, and to run it will cost £200 a year more for two years, after which it is to be turned over to the Egyptian government, which agrees to keep it going. A month ago the British society had raised more than half of these sums, but it wants help with the balance, and Americans who belong in any of the categories mentioned above, and other Americans, are invited to send their subscriptions to F. G. Hilton Price, Esq., 17 Collingham Gardens, S.W., London, England. The society is in a hurry for the money, for the pump has been built, and nothing but financial stringency can hinder the prompt completion of the work.

It was characteristic of Mark Twain to pitch into Professor Bowden (in the July *North American*) for making scandalous insinuations as to the character of Harriet Shelley. The facts about Shelley's first marriage have never seemed obscure. He married a woman unsuited to him, found life irksome in her society, and abandoned her. The less said about that incident in Shelley's history the better for Shelley. Mark Twain's indignation at the attempt to shift the responsibility from Shelley's shoulders to Harriet's recalls his spirited defence in *The Innocents Abroad* of that ecclesiastical uncle of Heloise who was the cause of so much unhappiness to Abelard. It may be that Mark Twain is not identical in all particulars with "Mark the perfect man," so familiar to readers of Scripture, but at least he knows morals when he sees them, and rarely confuses the victim of misconduct with the misdemeanant.

General Lew. Wallace's recently expressed belief that the future of the American army is behind it seems not incompatible with a wish to share in any odd jobs that may still fall in its way. A Crawfordsville (Indiana) despatch says that he organized several companies last week in anticipation of serious times with strikers, and looked for civil war unless the strike was quelled. Recent developments rather support than weaken the opinion he expressed to the naval cadets that the future life of our army would be the life of the barracks, and that its best chance for active service would be in suppressing mobs. E. S. MARTIN.

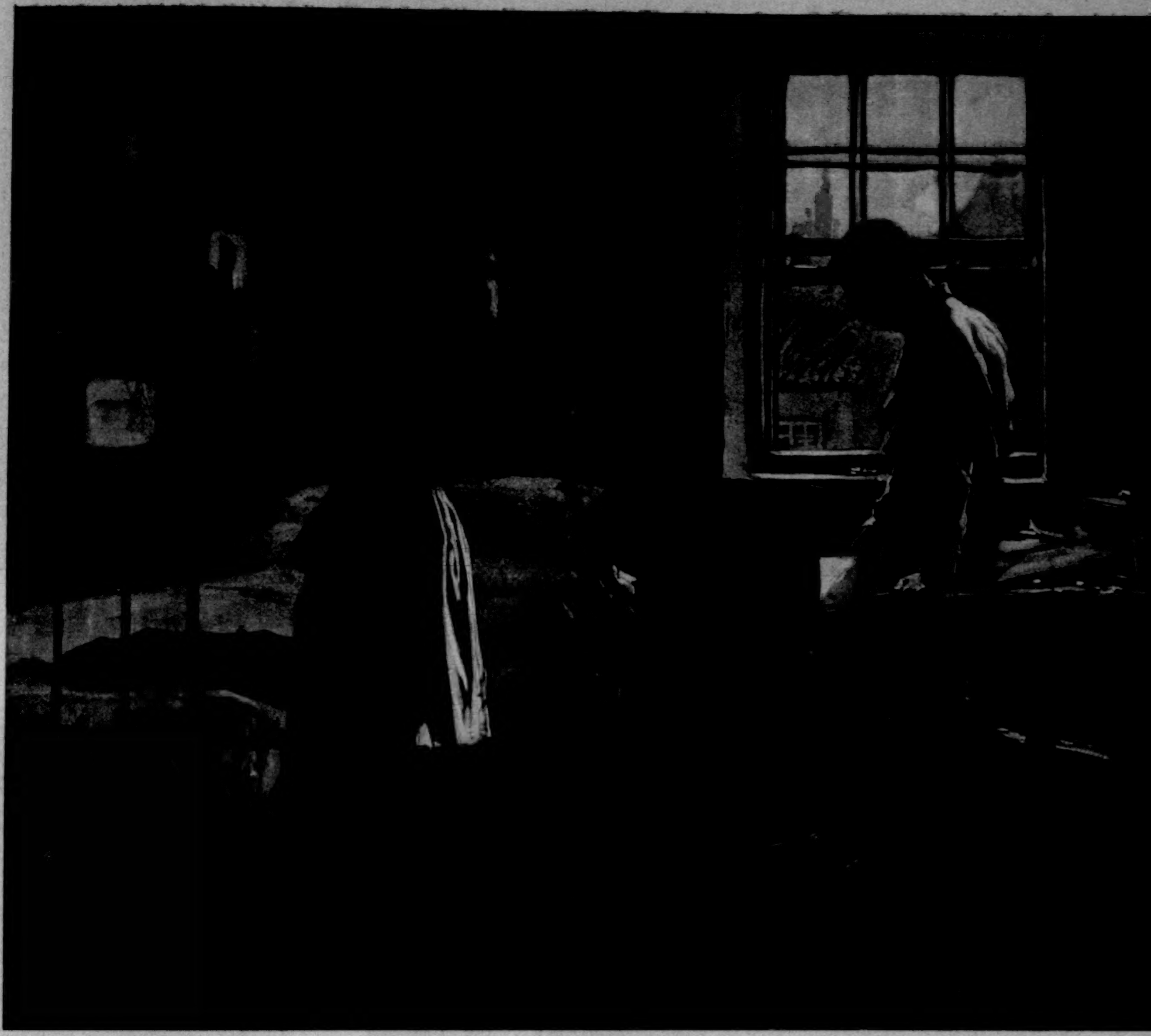
THE ORIGIN OF "BEN BOLT."

WHEN Dr. Thomas Dunn English entered Congress, three years ago, the newspapers recalled that he was the author of "Ben Bolt," and their comments upon it led for a time to the revival of that ditty, said to be the most popular ever written in this country. More lately Du Maurier has made the same old song freshly familiar to all readers of HARPER'S MAGAZINE by putting it in the mouth (but not the ear) of Trilby. His allusions to it suggest an ignorance of its origin, which very many of his readers probably share. They will be interested in the genesis of "Ben Bolt" as furnished to the WEEKLY by an indisputable authority as follows:

"In 1843 N. P. Willis and George P. Morris revived in another shape the *New York Mirror* under the title of the *New Mirror*. Willis, who knew Dr. Thomas Dunn English, then a young author, wrote to him requesting aid in their enterprise by a contribution, suggesting a sea song. English good-naturedly endeavored to comply with this request, but after laboring some time became satisfied, as he grimly said, that the mantle of Dibdin had not fallen on his shoulders, and abandoned the attempt. But the name suggested reminiscences, some real, others imaginary, and he drifted into four and a half stanzas of the present song. At that point the muse refused to go any farther, and in despair the writer filled the vacuum by appending the first four lines of the rejected sea song. This patch-work, as he called it, he sent to Willis, saying in his note that if he did not like it he could burn it, and the author would send him something instead when he was more in the vein. The author thought so little of it that he merely appended his initials, giving it no title. Willis was struck with it, however, and printed the whole with commendatory lines. It was widely copied, and travelled not only over this country, but England and the British possessions. Dr. English thought it would make a good song, but all the musicians to whom he applied, except one, informed him that the lines were not fitted for music. This exception was Dominic H. May, of Washington, who made up an air, but that has probably been lost. English made an air himself, but a later one, better than his own, threw it one side for a time.

"In 1846 Charles Porter was running the Pittsburg Theatre, and some local playwright got up for him a piece called *The Battle of Buena Vista*. There was at that time in the company a young man named Nelson F. Kneass, brother to the then United States District Attorney at Philadelphia. Kneass, to the annoyance of his family, eschewed law and serious pursuits, and drifted into a minstrel troupe, and thence into Porter's Theatre. He had considerable taste in music, and a rather fine tenor voice, so that in song parts he was useful, although a very indifferent actor. Porter told him that if he could get up a new song he would cast him in the piece. A hanger-on of the theatre by the name of Hunt, who had read 'Ben Bolt' in some English newspaper, where it had been copied, partly from memory, partly by adding a word here and a line there, gave Kneass three stanzas as they are generally sung to the popular air. The song was introduced, and while the drama soon dropped from sight, 'Ben Bolt' remained. It travelled with Kneass all over the country, was picked up by all the minstrel troupes, went to Australia and the Sandwich Islands, and wherever the English language was spoken; was sung in London, and had all kinds of parodies and replies among the street ballads of that city. Over 60,000 copies of the music were sold by Peters, who published it. Then others began to try their hands at fitting an air to it. English published his own air through Willis of Philadelphia in 1848. There were six others. None of these, however, obtained the popularity of Kneass's air, which he had taken from a German melody, although Getze published the original German air afterwards to the words. There have been claimants for the song, but they were speedily set at rest. Hunt for a while, on the strength of his mutilations, claimed the authorship, but when finally exposed by Willis, declared that it originally appeared in *Campbell's Monthly Magazine* for 1829. The utmost search, however, failed to find it. The head-stone of Kneass's grave at Chillicothe, Missouri, gives him credit for the authorship. This is probably in consequence of his successful adaptation of the German air. More recently an Albany paper stated that it was written by Caleb Dunn, but that gentleman came out promptly and disavowed the authorship. Some years since a newspaper credited it to Thomas Campbell. The facts of the authorship are, however, as here stated, as any reader can verify for himself by consulting the bound volumes of the *New Mirror*, to be found in the various public libraries."

The recent publication of a private collection of the poems of Dr. English, exclusive of *Battle Lyrics*, which are published by the Harpers in a separate volume, helps to make his responsibility for "Ben Bolt" a matter of timely interest.



THE MASTER.*

BY I. ZANGWILL.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE OUTCAST.

IT was midsummer, and everybody who was anybody was pent in the sweltering city.

"The sort of weather to make one want to be a figure model," Herbert said, wearily, as he flicked finically at "Daniel before Nebuchadnezzar," now well on its way to completion. "But it seems to suit the Old Gentleman. You might laugh, Matt. I'm too languid myself."

Matt did not reply; he was leaning against the marble mantel-piece, pale and perspiring.

"What do you think is his latest move?" pursued Herbert. "Though that's rather a bull, for the mischief is that he refuses to go on our annual autumn jaunt abroad, lest it should interfere with Daniel and Nebby. However, I am to have a horse of my own, and that's some consolation. Talking of horses, how do you like Nebby's left leg? You see, I've painted it as you marked it, though my idea was to get a subtle suggestion of the quadruped into the anatomy; for Nebby was a beast, wasn't he? I've ordered green stuff for lunch to inspire me." He got up, walked backwards, and surveyed the picture approvingly, brush in hand.

"By Jove, it's coming on splendidly. I could imagine I was in the palace. There *is* something in following Nature, after all. The creative part lies in inventing the grouping and the color . . . What's the matter with you this morning, Matt? You don't say a word. Are you sunstruck? or moonstruck?"

"Both," said Matt, with a ghastly smile.

"Why, what's up?" Herbert scrutinized his cousin's face for the first time.

Matt looked towards the model.

"You know, his English is limited," Herbert remarked, reassuringly. "Unless you are bent on talking Arabic."

But Matt still hesitated. At last, as in desperation, he extracted a letter from his breast pocket and tendered it to Herbert, who took it wonderingly, cast a glance at it, and frowned.

"The scoundrel!" he said. "How dare he send it in so soon? I shall never recommend him to anybody again."

"It isn't soon," corrected Matt; "it's more than three months."

"You're not going to take any notice of him yet?"

"Oh, I must."

"Oh, nonsense. Why, the shock would drive him silly."

"I don't like not to pay."

"All right," said Herbert, sulkily; "only you'll spoil the market for us poor devils who're not Crœsuses, that's all. But don't give him the fifteen guineas at once, anyhow; give him five on account."

Matt struggled with himself. "I can't even do that," he faltered at last, "unless you can manage to pay me something."

"Oh, by Jove!" said Herbert, whistling lugubriously. "I'd forgotten you were among my creditors. But I'm stony broke just now. So the old scoundrel will have to wait, after all. Ha! ha! ha! When do you expect to be flush again? I suppose you draw interest on bonds or something. All Americans do."

"I—I don't," said Matt, his head drooping shame-stricken. Then, with the courage of despair, he burst out, "I've only got tenpence in the world, that's a fact."

Herbert gave a shrill whistle of surprise and dismay, and let himself drop upon his painting-stool.

"Here, go and play a little, Haroun al Raschid," he called over to the model, and Nebuchadnezzar, shedding his purpureal splendors, cantered joyously down stairs. "Now, then," he said, sternly, "what in the devil have you been up to, my Methodist parson? Gambling, horse-racing, women?"

Matt shook his head, a wan smile struggling with his shamefaced expression. He already felt happier—the false atmosphere in which he had moved was dissipated forever. "I've never had any money to lose," he confessed. "I only saved up fifty or sixty pounds to study in London for a year, and now it's all gone—unless you can manage to repay me the twenty-five pounds."

"Well, of all the—" cried Herbert, and did not finish the mysterious phrase. He leant his elbows on his knees, and supporting his face upon his palms, stared severely at his cousin. "So this is the man who thinks art should be moral," he said, half musingly, half indignantly. "To go and let us all think you were a capitalist. And to let me in for borrowing money of a man who was practically a pauper. Why, I must have taken almost your last penny!"

Matt, flushing afresh under his reproachful gaze, did not attempt to deny it.

"Well, if that's your idea of cousinly behavior, or even decent behavior—" said Herbert, witheringly.

"I—I didn't mean to deceive you," Matt stammered, apologetically. "You all took it for granted I was well-to-do. All I said was I had enough money to go along with, and so I thought I had."

"Yes, but when I asked you for the pony, you consented at once. I gave you an opportunity to explain, but instead of that you intensified the original false impression."

Matt was silent.

"And now you've put me into the wretched position of owing money, which I can't pay, to a poor relation, from whom I never would have borrowed it had he been frank and truthful!"

Now both were silent, meditating the painful situation.

"Then you've got no money at all!" said Herbert, at last, in stern accents, in which a note of astonishment still lingered.

Matt shook his head. His throat felt parched. "Unless you can pay me," he murmured.

Herbert's face softened; his tones became sympathetic. "Then what are you going to do?" he asked, anxiously.

Matt was touched by the transition from reproach to solicitude. "Oh, I shall manage somehow," he said, huskily. "I don't want to worry you—you've always been very good to me."

"Yes, that's all very well, but suppose you starve?" said Herbert, sharply.

"Oh, I shall find something to do," said Matt. "In fact, I've already done some illustrations for *The Christian Home*, though they haven't paid yet. I wouldn't have told you if it hadn't been for this tailor's bill."

"Confound him!" cried Herbert, savagely. "I'll never recommend him another customer as long as I live." He started promenading the studio angrily, muttering maledictions against the snip as the source of all the mischief. "What a pity the governor won't touch a new man's work," he said, pausing.

"Oh, I'd rather not trouble him," said Matt, shrinking from a supplementary explanation with the Vandyck beard.

Herbert resumed his promenade with knitted brow. "I wonder if Drücker would take them—if you did sea pieces—"

"Oh, please don't worry," pleaded Matt, concerned at his cousin's anxiety. "I dare say I shall fall on my feet."

"Yes, but while falling? Tenpence isn't enough to fall with. You don't owe any money into the bargain, I hope."

Matt turned red. "Three weeks' rent," he murmured.

"How much is that?"

Matt shrank weakly from shredding his last rag of dignity. "Not much," he said. "She hasn't said anything yet; I always paid her so regularly. But I don't see any reason to despair; it looks as if I can make my bread and cheese by black and white. They were all agreed that that was the most paying kind of art. You remember that night at Cornpepper's?"

"Yes, I remember," said Herbert, curtly. "But I can't let you go away with tenpence in your pocket. I wonder if I've got anything." He drew a handful of silver and copper coins out of his trousers pocket. "Seven and four halfpenny!" he announced, dolefully. "And I shall want six for Haroun al Raschid this evening. I told you I was stony broke. I suppose it's no use offering you one and fourpence halfpenny."

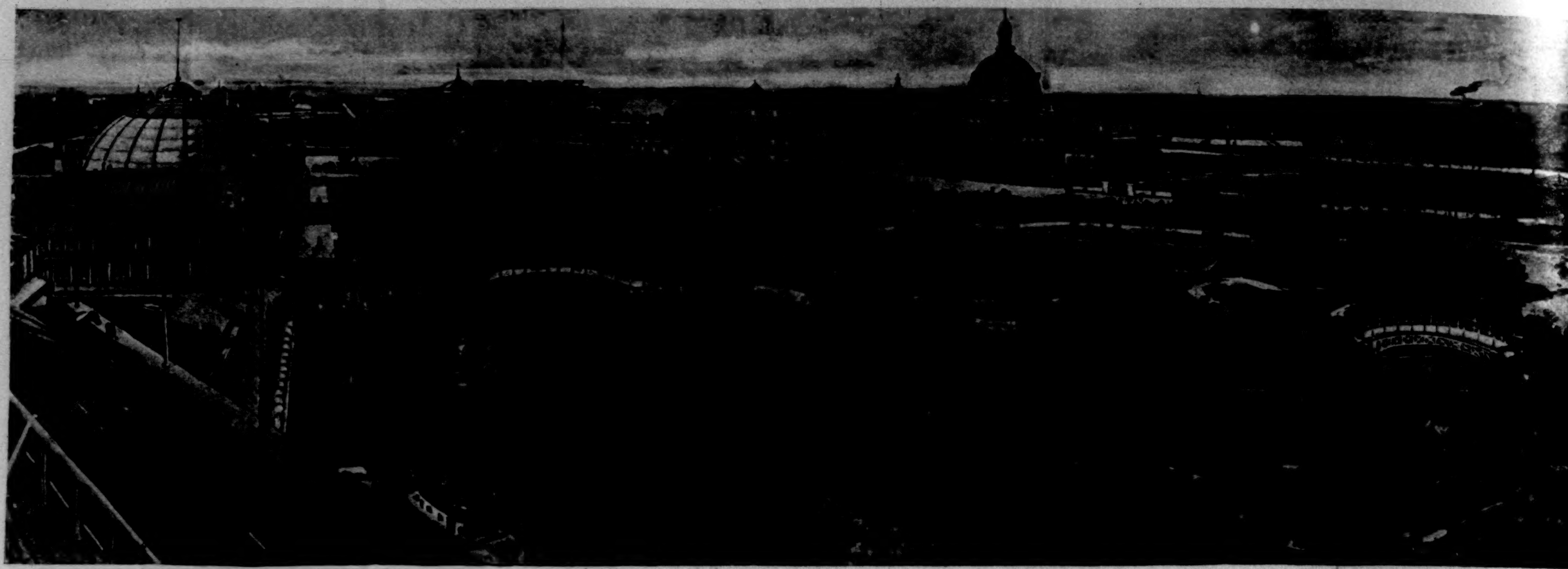
"No; then *you'd* have nothing," said Matt. "Don't bother."

"Oh, but I must bother. I wish I knew how to raise a little cash for you, to keep you going till you get work."

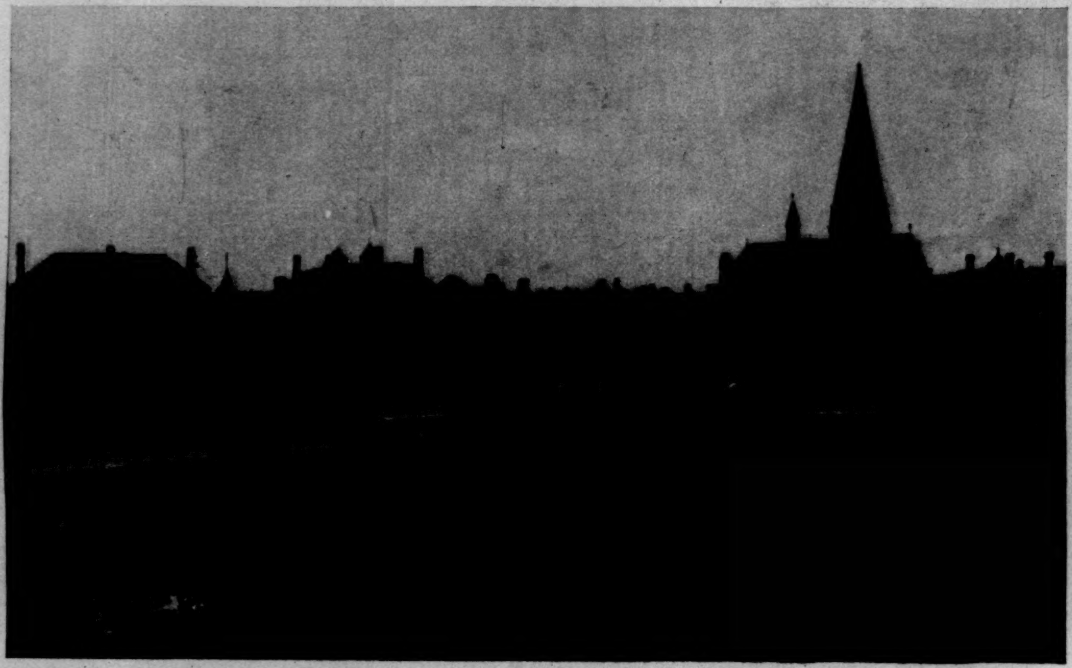
The grave anxiety of his tones troubled Matt sympathetically. He was pained to see Herbert so distressed. Suddenly his eyes fell on Herbert's battalion of boots ranged against the wall—brown boots, black boots, patent boots,

---

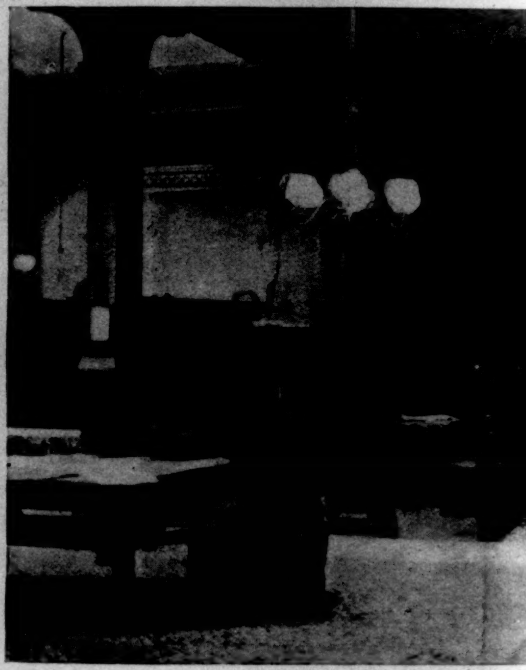
* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY, No. 1950.


Horticultural Building.
Field Museum, formerly Art Gallery.
Fisheries Building.
Government Building.
Roof of Transportation Building.

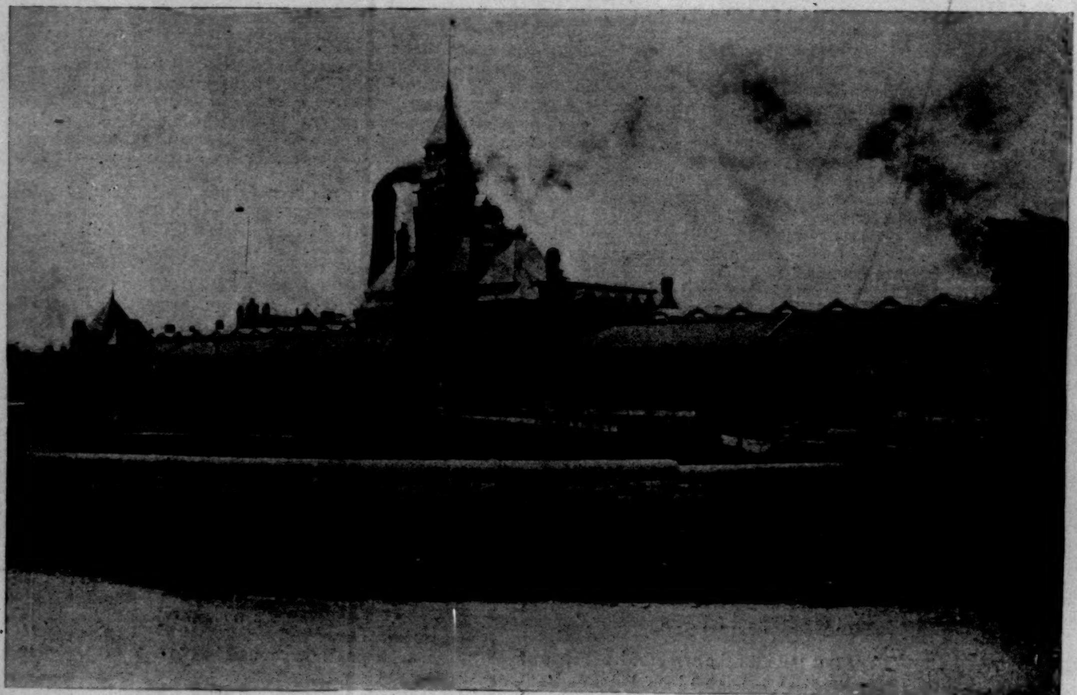
THE WORLD'S FAIR GROUNDS THE MORNING AFTER THE GREAT



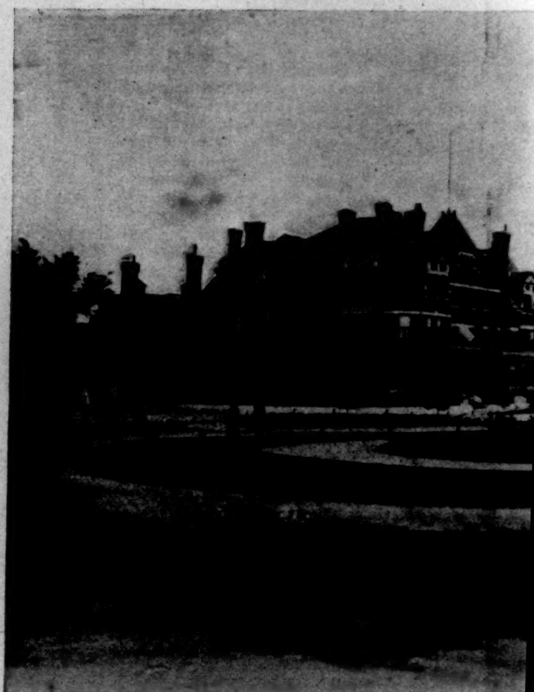
ARCADE PARK AND GREEN STONE CHURCH.



INTERIOR OF THE



MAIN ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.

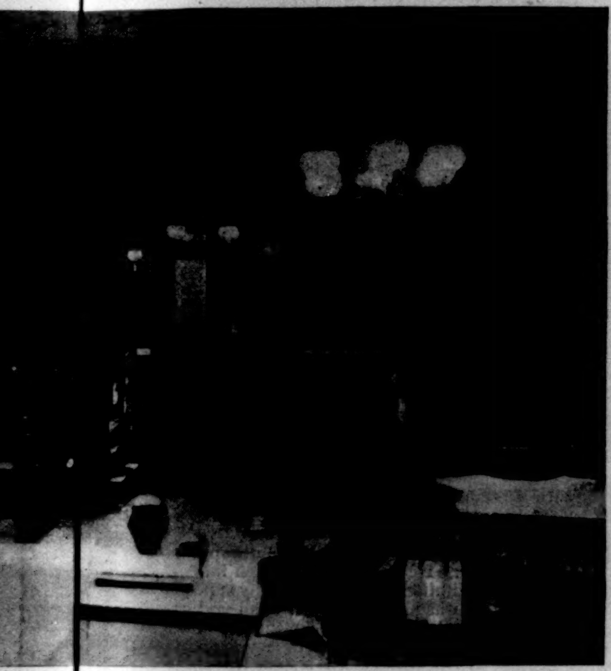


HOTEL

THE TOWN OF PU

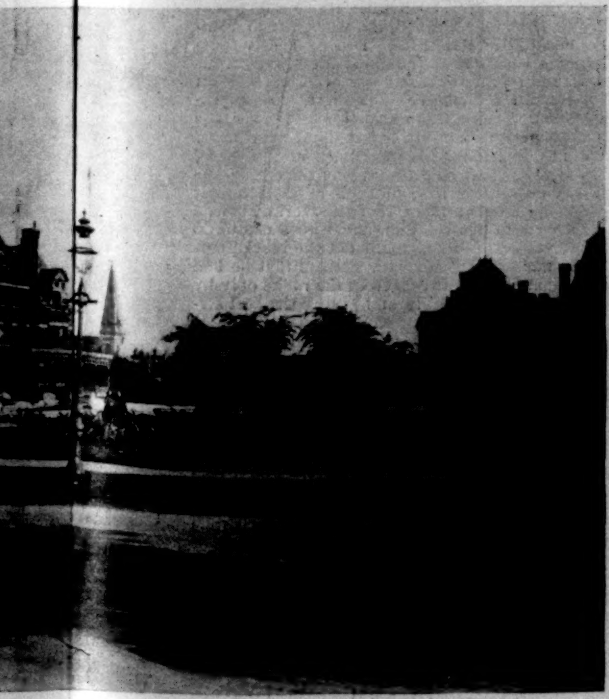
Ruins of Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building.
Ruins of Electricity Building.
Ruins of Mines and Mining Building.
Ruins of Machinery Hall.

REAT FIRE, JULY 5, 1894.—Drawn from Photographs by J. W. Taylor.—[See Page 682.]



F THE LIBRARY AT PULLMAN.

THE ARCADE.



HOTEL FLORENCE.

WORKMEN PASSING THROUGH MAIN GATE.

PULLMAN.—[See Page 686.]

riding-boots, shoes, slippers—and a wild impish idea flew into his brain, breathing malicious suggestion, and even enkindling a flash of resentment. "Why should not Herbert sell some of those serried boots if he was really in earnest?" But the impish idea was extruded in a moment. It savored of ungenerous cynicism, and in so far as it meditated diminishing Herbert's wardrobe, touched indecency; it was impossible to imagine Herbert with only a single pair of breeches or without sub-varieties of ornamental shoes. He moved in a large atmosphere of discriminate waistcoats and superfluous neckties.

"I'll give you an introduction to Drücker if you like," said Herbert. "I dare say you have some little things by you."

"I—I've already been to Drücker," Matt admitted. "A fellow at Grainger's told me about him. But he won't look at my work."

There was another embarrassing pause. Matt's eyes wandered distractedly towards Herbert's boots. The spotless battalion fascinated him; the buttons winked maliciously.

"How about portraits?" said Herbert, suddenly. "I thought you did portraits in Nova Scotia. Was that also—was that—er—true?"

Matt did not at once answer; it had suddenly occurred to him that there was probably another battalion of boots in Herbert's dressing-room. When Herbert's question at last penetrated to his consciousness, he replied, with a start: "Oh yes. Perhaps I may get sitters here, too. The only thing that really worries me is that bill."

"Oh, well, if that's all, you may make your mind easy. He can't touch you. You've no money." Herbert laughed gleefully. "It'll serve him right, the scoundrel."

"But he can put me in prison," said Matt, blanching at the mere idea. "And that I could never survive."

Herbert's laugh became more boisterous. "Oh, you innocent!" he gasped. "We're not living in the dark ages. A man without a farthing is the king of creation. Nothing can touch him."

"Oh, but they put people in prison for debt in Nova Scotia," said Matt, surprised.

"Really?" ejaculated Herbert, surprised in his turn. "Well, I had no idea the country was so uncivilized as that. No, don't funk. And cheer up, d'ye hear! Why should you take other people's worries on your shoulders?"

"Other people's?" quoth Matt, puzzled.

"Yes; the worry is for the tailor, who can't get his money, not for you," explained Herbert, with the gay smile that showed his white teeth.

"I *must* pay him," Matt repeated, stolidly, and lunch coming up, he took himself off in spite of every protest. Now that Herbert knew him in his true colors, his pride would not endure sitting as a pauper at the mid-day banquet, though he had eaten nothing all day except a halfpenny roll. He saw Haroun al Raschid in the street luxuriating in the sultry sunshine, and sent him up to luncheon, then dragged himself along the hot pavements to his back room, brightened now with unsaleable sketches, and threw himself upon the little iron bed and abandoned himself to bitter reflection.

He had already tried other dealers than Drücker with as little success. The Irishman at Grainger's was wont to boast that he always sold his work by pawning it. Matt had essayed to imitate him, speculating the outlay for a gold frame, but either his face betrayed him to the pawnbrokers or his picture, and it eventually went for less than the price of the frame. He had broached to other students his desire to get on this or that paper, but could gain no sympathetic information from them except that they had already refused the positions he coveted. On the strength of some specimens sent by post he had been permitted to illustrate five short stories for *The Christian Home*, but only two had yet been published and none had yet been paid for. And so the dregs of his savings had dripped away, slowly, slowly, like honey from an inverted pot, and more and more slowly the less there remained, till only twenty drops (for he had come down to counting in halfpence) divided him from starvation. The arrears of rent had been an agony more gnawing than that at his stomach, and now this tailor's bill had come as the crowning catastrophe.

Yet none of his bitterness was for Herbert, despite the impish suggestions of the buttons; he did not even blame himself much. In a sense he had had value for his money, he had bought experience, if not quite of the kind for which he had saved up his dollars. But for those frightful fifteen guineas he might have weathered starvation point, even though by the practice of a form of art he had not contemplated. To pawn or sell the unfortunate clothes would be but to cut himself off from gentility without surmounting the crisis. His hopeless reverie was interrupted by a tap at the door, and the landlady entered, bearing a letter. He jumped up from the bed in excitement—it must be his check for the drawings. But the letter bore an American stamp and was in Billy's writing, and he tore it open, fearful of new evils.

"Dear Matt,—I write, not because there is anything fresh, but because there isn't. Life here is so dreary and monotonous, I can no longer endure it. It isn't my health, for that is better, and the fits are very rare now, thank God. Sometimes I think I shall go mad or cut my throat if something doesn't happen. Don't you think I could come over and stay with you? You've seen so much of the world and I have always been tied down to one wretched little village. The people are so dismally religious, and between you and me I am losing faith in everything, the more I think of it, and how bad the good people are. Deacon Hailey and Ruth have quarrelled and she has gone away to the States. She came to see us before she left; she is just lovely; I like to picture her before me. I should not be much extra expense, dear Matt, because you could deduct something from the amount you are soon going to send monthly. I have mentioned this to Abner, and he is willing. I am very little use here in the fields, and in London I might perhaps earn money by writing. I feel I have it in me to write tales. I have already written one called 'The Whale-Hunters,' and another called 'In the Burning Desert.' I do so long to be famous. We should be a pair, dear Matt. Do you think you could get these tales printed in a paper? I should not want money at first. I did not like to send them to you without asking, as the postage would be heavy, and the winter has been so unusually protracted we are delayed with the crops. Do please send me some books if you can; I have read everything in the school library twice over. Novels and books of travel are what I like best. The last we heard from Halifax was that mother was less violent. Do write and say I may come, and if you can let me have the fare I will repay you out of my tales. Abner and Harriet send their love, and so do all the boys and girls (Amy is getting quite podgy), and with the same from me, I remain,
Your affectionate brother, Billy.

"P. S.—Don't you think 'William Strang' would look fine on the cover of a book?"

Matt suddenly felt faint and dizzy. Raising his eyes he perceived that the landlady had not gone, that she was effervescing with unuttered speech.

"I am very sorry, Mrs. Lipchild," he said; "I thought that your rent would have been in this letter."

The lank elderly woman looked grieved.

"Lor' bless you, sir," said she, "I'm not worryin' about the rent. Don't I know an honest face when I see it! Us landladies are always made out so bad. We're always stealin' the lodgers' provisions and what not, and we can't speak proper. I should like to see a book written on the other side. Why, last year I had an old maid in this very room; she took her meals here, and said I wasn't to charge for attendance because she'd be always out, but bless me if the bell didn't go tinkely-tinkely every minute, like an alarum-clock gone wrong in its inside. Believe me, Mr. Strang, it isn't the lodgers as is always taken in. I've often wished my son was a writer instead of an artist; I'd get him to write the book."

"Your son is an artist?" said Matt, in astonishment.

"Yes, Mr. Strang, though not near so clever as you. I could show you some of his work if you didn't mind."

"Oh, I should like to see it," said Matt, half amused at this unexpected interlude, though his temples throbbed with a shooting pain.

"Would you mind comin' down into the parlor, sir?"

"Not at all," said Matt.

He followed his landlady down the narrow stairs into the musty little room, resplendent with oleographs and a gilt mirror and two fruit shades.

"There!" said Mrs. Lipchild, proudly. "Me, and my husband in uniform."

Matt surveyed the large colored presentments of Mr. and Mrs. Lipchild in their oval mounts, further astonished to discover that his landlord was a policeman.

"What did he do them with?" asked Matt, rather puzzled.

"With his own hand," replied the proud mother. "They were taken quite plain, but he colored them lifelike, as you see. They would have charged half a crown more each, but for a shilling he bought a book telling him how to do it himself. My cousin Bob, who is in the Post-Office, said he ought to be an artist, but I wouldn't let him give up his place at Brown Brothers. He's in the grocery department and earning good money, and I've seen such a heap of artists sittin' on the pavement, with the risk any moment of the rain washin' all the pictures out. Don't you think I was right, sir?"

"Quite right," said Matt, heartily.

Mrs. Lipchild thereupon produced a bottle of brandy and what she called a "seedy-cake" from a cupboard under a sideboard, and insisted on Matt's partaking of the same. To refuse would pain her, to accept would refresh him, so he accepted. In the conversation which ensued it transpired that Mrs. Lipchild's daughter was about to marry a young man from Brown Brothers (haberdashery department), and that the young couple were now furnishing, and that it had occurred to Mrs. Lipchild that they might get their parlor pictures from Matt instead of from a shop, "if they could get them any cheaper."

So Matt and his art patroness remounted again to the bedroom studio and haggled over prices, Mrs. Lipchild pointing out that his pictures were far inferior to shop pictures, not only by their unsympathetic subjects, but by their absence of frames and glass; and that she could get much bigger sizes than any of his for five shillings apiece. But as it came to be understood that ready money would not be required, and that the price was to be reckoned off the rent, Mrs. Lipchild ultimately departed in possession of a month's worth of pictures—six of the prettiest landscapes and ladies in the collection. The poetic street scenes she scorned, much to Matt's relief, for he set no value on the earlier Nova-Scotian work she had carried off.

This was Matt's first sale of pictures in the great metropolis of art. Considerably exhilarated by the change in his fortunes, and revived by the brandy and the "seedy-cake," he reviewed the situation again, proof even against Billy's letter, which he put by for later consideration. He found himself actually smiling, for a phrase of Cornpepper's kept vibrating in his brain: "Art is neither moral nor immoral, any more than it is lunar or calendar." Mrs. Lipchild's last words had been, "very well, we'll reckon it a month," and he wondered whimsically whether the month was to be lunar or calendar.

Under the impulse of these gayer sentiments, he resolved to raise money by pawning whatever he could part with, and by persisting in the search for an adventurous dealer; and reflecting that, after all, the tailor would be satisfied with an instalment, he wound himself up to the pitch of applying to Herbert by letter, though he could not bring himself to a verbal request.

"My dear Herbert,—I am sorry to bother you again, but if you could let me have only five guineas to offer the tailor I should be very grateful. I hope soon to find work, or sell some things, and you will be pleased to hear that I have got over the difficulty with the rent—at least for the moment. Yours sincerely, Matt Strang.

"P. S.—Don't put yourself out if you cannot. You have been very kind to me, and I shall never forget it. I dare say I shall pull through somehow."

Matt carried this request to the pillar box, through the stuffy splendor of a summer night in Holborn back streets. As he heard the slight thud of the letter in the box, he had a sense of something achieved, and had no compunction in spending one of his nine remaining pennies on his supper of "baked fagot," in a muggy pork-butcher's shop. Nightmare, followed by a giddy uprising with furred tongue and aching forehead, was the sequel of this devil-may-care diet, and early in the afternoon the nightmare seemed to resume its riot in the guise of a reply from Herbert.

"Dear Matt,—What in the name of all that is unholy made you send that letter to my house instead of to the club? There's been a devil of a row. The Old Gentleman opened the letter. He pretends he did so without noticing, as it came mixed up with his and so few come for me to the house. When I got down to breakfast the mater was in tears and the Old Gentleman in blazes. Of course he'd misread it altogether; imagined you wanted to borrow money instead of to get it back—(isn't it comical? It's almost an idea for a farce)—and insisted you had been draining me all along (you did write you were sorry to bother me again, you old duffer). Of course I did my best to dispel the misconceptin; but it was no use my swearing this was the first application; he wouldn't believe a word of it. He said he had had his suspicions all along, and he called the mater to witness that the first time he saw you in the shop he said you were a rogue. And then mater, who'd been standing up for you—I never thought she had so much backbone of her own—broke down, and confessed with tears that you had been here pretty nigh every day; and then the Old Gentleman swore you should never set foot here again, and dilated on the pretty return you had made for his kindness (sucking his boy's blood, he called it in an unusual burst of poetry), and he likewise offered some general observations on the comparative keenness of a serpent's tooth and ingratitude. And that's how it stands! There's nothing to be done, I fear, but to let the thing blow over; he'll cool down after a time. Meanwhile you will have to write to me at the club if you want to meet me. I am awfully sorry, as I enjoyed your visits immensely. Do let me know if I can do anything for you. I'm in a frightful financial mess, but I might give you introductions here or there. I know chaps on papers and that sort of thing. I am sure you have sufficient talent to get along, and you can snap your fingers at creditors as you haven't got anything they can seize, and can flit any day you like. I wish I was you. With every good wish,
"Yours always, Herbert Strang."

Matt took this letter more stoically than he would have predicted. He even grinned like a red Indian at the stake. In truth, he was already so prostrated by illness, hunger, and above all by the heat that there was nothing left in him to be prostrated. He crawled out soon after the receipt of the letter and recklessly bought a halfpenny currant loaf, which he washed down with water.

[to be continued.]

THE PULLMAN COMPANY AND ITS STRIKING WORKMEN.

BY T. C. CRAWFORD.

There never has been a strike in this country with so small a basis of justification as the one that during the last week has throttled the business of the West. The alleged cause is the ill treatment of the workmen employed by the Pullman corporation in the village of Pullman, Illinois. Numerous declarations have been made by the leaders in the present strike stating that these workmen have been badly treated, and that they only rebelled to save themselves from starvation. Had this been true, there would have still been no reason for a general movement upon the part of all the leading trades unions of the West to attack the property rights of railroad corporations, with the hope thereby of being able to coerce through them the Pullman corporation.

The fact, however, is that the Pullman corporation has always treated its workmen well, and that they have no real grievance and no justification for the demand which they have recently made. Owing to his interest in a new process of manufacture which was being carried through its experimental stage in the shops of Pullman, the writer of this article has had an unusual opportunity of studying the Pullman system, and the treatment of the workmen in the vast shops. He lived in the town of Pullman for nearly two months, and was a daily visitor to the works for nearly a year, and came into very intimate contact with the workmen. He also examined the actual working of the industrial system established by Mr. Pullman in the effort to benefit the people employed by him, and to establish a model manufacturing establishment, that by its example would tend to elevate and to better the condition of the working-men throughout the country.

In this Mr. Pullman made no pretence to philanthropy as it is generally understood. He had no plan which implied giving something for nothing, or rested upon any supposed charitable basis. If it was philanthropy, it was based on business lines, with a shrewd, keen view to a return upon every dollar invested. As an industrial experiment it attracted attention throughout the world, and it is to be feared that this present action of the workmen will make it seem so much a failure that few manufacturers will see reason to copy the system. Yet it had worked so well since its establishment in 1880 that during that long period there never had been a serious strike at Pullman. When other establishments were closed, and when rioters sought to destroy property in the neighborhood, the workmen at Pullman remained tranquil and faithful. During nearly fourteen years there has been but one actual strike in this town. This occurred several years ago, and was occasioned by an uprising of workmen elsewhere. Yet there was no attempt at violence, nor were there any threats against the managers of the property. The strike lasted but a few days. Mr. Pullman went down among his workmen at that time, and talked to them with great frankness concerning the business, and how impossible it was for him to yield to their demands. He made a great point, that the workman who depends upon unions to protect him, and who seeks to do the least labor for the most money, has not the best opportunity to rise in the world. He showed them that he had once been a workman, and had risen from the ranks only by working as many hours as possible, and giving the best service for his wages.

From then till the recent closing of the Pullman works apparent harmony and content reigned throughout the village.

It has always been Mr. Pullman's idea that it pays to have the best class of workmen. He wanted to pay the highest wages that his business would permit, and to surround his men with the best conditions for their health and their welfare. The Pullman plan as developed in this village was one of the main interests of his life. He has hoped to leave this village and its industrial plan as a lasting monument to himself. With such views it does not seem possible that Mr. Pullman should seek to oppress his workmen, or that he could be induced to take advantage of their necessity.

The scale of wages at Pullman has always been high; until the last closing of the works the average pay of the workmen, counting the highest and the lowest, was $650 a year. The fact that they were well paid and were reasonably prosperous is shown in the condition of the savings-bank of the town. At the time of my visit, which was in the midst of the recent hard times, there was a balance standing to the credit of the Pullman workmen in the savings-bank of over $600,000. Work was maintained without any reduction of wages during all the earlier part of the financial distress of the country. This the Pullman Company was able to do because of the reserve it has always carried. For instance, when on account of the prevailing business depression the railroads felt they could no longer afford to give out contracts for the construction of new rolling-stock to be paid for upon completion, the Pullman corporation extended credit to these roads in order to keep shops open that must otherwise have been shut down. There were upwards of six thousand men employed in the Pullman shops, and it has always been the aim of the management to keep them at work even in times when it would have been more profitable to discharge some of them. Competition and the hard times combined to reduce the prices obtainable for cars to such an extent that the Pullman Company was finally obliged to reduce wages or else conduct its business at an absolute loss. The situation was clearly explained to the workmen, and they were given to understand that as soon as business improved wages would be raised to the former scale. This step was not taken before Mr. Pullman had gone deep into his own pocket to carry out contracts in preference to cutting down the wages of his employés. When, however, conditions became such that it was merely a choice between reducing wages or closing up entirely, the former alternative was determined upon, and the officers of the company even went so far as to offer to show their books to a committee representing the men, as proof that business was being carried on at a loss. The men, however, refused to accept the reduced wages or to examine the books, and consequently the works had to be shut down.

Possibly the workmen at Pullman have been made too comfortable, and have been cared for too well. They have come to believe implicitly in the stories of the enormous profits of their employer. They doubtless argued that as long as wages had been kept up to a certain scale throughout the past depression, they should be now maintained until better times. This false reasoning was undoubtedly at the bottom of the general dissatisfaction. Having much, they wanted more.

The village of Pullman, as is well known, is a model town. Over seven millions of dollars was spent in its construction. Mr. Pullman himself originated the plan, and after he had determined to establish the town, he selected a barren stretch of land not far from Chicago, and had it laid out and surveyed by competent engineers and sanitary experts. The first work done was the construction of a perfect system of sewage, with a pumping station which flushes the sewers of the town and clears them out every twenty-four hours, carrying off the refuse to a distant farm, where the sewage is utilized. The streets were laid out next, well graded and macadamized. The construction of sidewalks, parks, and the planting of shade trees and flower-beds followed. The houses were built upon the principle established by Mr. Peabody in the construction of his tenements for working-men in London. Every house was fitted out with the best sanitary plumbing, and was provided with every modern appliance to guard against disease and dirt, and each building had a bath-room. Of public buildings there were built a church, a theatre, and an arcade, and the central part of the town was laid out as a broad plaza, with a kiosk in the centre, where a band, made up of the working-men, played almost every afternoon.

Rents were calculated on a five-per-cent. basis, and were lower than rates current for dirty, unsanitary houses in the slums of Chicago. A fine school-house was built, and later the school system was made a part of that of Chicago.

Mr. Pullman presented a large and well-selected library to the town, and the moderate fees charged for the use of the books created a fund by which the collection is constantly increased. Many of the books are technical works on industrial and scientific subjects. All the principal newspapers and magazines may also be found on the library tables. There is a pleasant atmosphere about this library. The librarian understands thoroughly the needs of the workmen, and has the faculty of making them welcome. Thoughtfulness has been carried to the extent of having a private room with a separate stairway for the use of men fresh from their work. Many who could not be tempted to come into the main rooms of the library with soiled hands and faces, readily go into this private reading-room set aside for their exclusive use, where all the books of the library are at their disposal.

It is immediately apparent to the visitor at Pullman that the men, women, and children of the place are well cared for, and surrounded with those things which create the comforts of this life. The men are vigorous, fine-looking specimens of their race, the women have fresh complexions and bright eyes, and the children are noisy and good-natured.

They are all well dressed—far better dressed than the usual run of people of their own station in life. Few of the men fail to change their clothing after the evening whistle has sounded. They then take their evening recreation with their families, refreshed by the change of dress, and pass their leisure hours at the theatre or the library, or in the park listening to the band.

The village of Pullman has been criticised by many who were not familiar with the methods there in vogue. It has been said that the company interfered too much with the personal freedom of the inhabitants, and that many of the rules and regulations in force tended to destroy their independence. No liquor may be sold, and this has been represented as an arbitrary restriction. It has been further charged that the rents are too high for the times and the existing schedule of wages.

The town is managed as a private estate, and the rules and regulations are of about the same character as those voluntarily assumed by residents in choice restricted suburban neighborhoods and "parks." Moreover, none of the workmen is required to live in the village. Near by are a number of other villages, easily reached, and entirely "unrestricted." And as a matter of fact nearly one-third of Mr. Pullman's employés live outside of his village.

Mr. Pullman himself is a Republican in his politics. Yet in the town elections the Democratic candidate is nearly always elected. The men are absolutely free to vote as they choose, although canvassing upon either side is discouraged.

The general order in the town is so good that one policeman is considered ample protection for the twelve thousand inhabitants. That is, he was before the strike began, and threw a black cloud over this new Arcadian village.

The church that was built when the town was established was rented to the society which offered the best rent. No attempt was ever made to influence the men in religion. Mr. Pullman always maintained that the only way to benefit the condition of his workmen was to carry out his plans strictly on business principles. And so, as a business investment, the town has paid large dividends on the original capital. The Pullman Land Company, which took up some 3500 acres near the town, will realize handsomely from its position near the industrial village.

This land cost $500 an acre, and is now worth from $4000 to $5000 an acre, and is all included within the limits of Chicago, by reason of the city's recent expansion of its boundaries.

It is not reasonable to believe that any of Mr. Pullman's workmen could have been found in the mob that threatened the town. While it is true that there has never been any coddling of the workmen in this place, still the company has sought to give full value for every dollar expended by the men in the village. In return the best of labor has been expected and required.

Some labor leaders have asserted that the people of Pullman are to-day $70,000 in arrears for their rent. If this be true, it shows great lenity upon the part of the Pullman Company, rather than the greediness insinuated at. It is certainly to be believed that if the Pullman workmen were to-day undisturbed by the advice of labor agitators, most of whom have nothing to lose by the disturbances they foment, some sort of an agreement would be readily reached between them and their employer.

THE BURNING OF THE WORLD'S FAIR BUILDINGS.

On the evening of July 5th the White City—that dream of architecture, as it has been called—was wiped out with fire, and in a few hours the buildings that had housed the finest of all international expositions were nothing but a few heaps of black ruins. The origin of the fire is a puzzle that will never be solved. The flame had its inception in the big terminal railway station, which soon was a roaring blaze. Thence the fire spread to Machinery Hall, and from that to the beautiful Administration Building. Next in the pathway of the fire were the Electricity Building and the Mines and Mining Building. The fire reached the great Manufactures Building from the Electricity Building, and soon all these gigantic structures were going up in gas.

Of course the Chicago Fire Department turned out, but its office at a blaze of this magnitude was really perfunctory. So far as the big white palaces themselves were concerned, all the department could do was look on and enjoy the spectacle. But lines of hose were strung out, and the pipes were trained on business and dwelling property immediately surrounding Jackson Park. All such property was saved. The fire had free scope, and burned itself out. The Transportation Building, the Woman's Building, the Forestry Building, the Horticultural Building, and, of course, the Art Palace, were spared. Not a vestige of the Administration or the big Manufactures Building remains. The gilded Statue of Liberty towers up over the black ruin, with arms uplifted, as if bewailing the catastrophe.

The entire property was bought and paid for some time ago by the Chicago Wrecking and Salvage Company. The price was $100,000, which is almost a total loss to the investors, excepting what they may get out of the sale of the scrap-iron.

THE STRIKE.

BY M. A. LANE

The developments in the big strike during the past week have been by no means regular or sequential. The one great explosion that has been expected all along, and waited for eagerly, has been deferred from day to day, until finally it may be said to have been indefinitely postponed. That is the long-expected attack on the millions of dollars' worth of property in the beautiful town of Pullman. Colonel Turner, of the First Regiment, Illinois National Guard, has had his thumb on the grand plant of the sleeping-car magnate, and the military show he has made with his regiment in the district surrounding that famous place has practically suppressed all attempts to burn or destroy the mammoth shops. Yet it was conceded from the very first that the acres of shops and buildings in the limits of the little city would make a beautiful fire.

In a résumé of the week's doings will be found an explanation of this leading fact of the great strike. On Friday of last week the soldiers of the regular army had been called in from the outlying yards, with the exception of a few who were left there for the protection of railroad property, with the final motive of facilitating the movement of mail-trains. Since that time the number of soldiers in Chicago has been rapidly increased, until the city fairly bristles with bayonets.

There are now in Chicago 3000 "regulars." This force is made up of the soldiers that have been ordered in from Fort Sheridan, Fort Leavenworth, Fort Riley, Fort Brady, and a number from the East. The extra troops have come at the order of President Cleveland, who, notwithstanding the protest from Governor Altgeld, of Illinois, has continued to pour troops into the city for the protection of United States property. The regulars are now camped on the Lake Front before the Auditorium Hotel and the Pullman building, ready to move at a moment's notice to any point in Cook County at which trouble may arise. In addition to these troops there are five regiments of State troops or militia, making up a total of about 4000 men. There are also 3000 regular police and 1000 "extras." There are 1500 deputy United States marshals, and about 500 deputy sheriffs. This tremendous force is scattered over the railroad yards on the south and west sides of the town, and it has already done some very good service in the interest of the government. General Miles, Mayor Hopkins, and the officers in command of the militia believe that it is sufficient to estop any riot short of a general uprising of all the working-people in the city—something, by-the-way, that is now no longer feared, since the federated labor organizations have not responded to the call for strike as warmly as was at first expected.

The situation on Friday, July 6th, was this: The regulars were spread in camp over the Lake Front; two companies were left in the stock-yards' district to control that turbulent portion of the city. The First, Second, and Seventh regiments of the Illinois National Guard were in the city. At one o'clock on Friday these regiments were ordered out, and in three hours from the time the order was promulgated the men were in the field ready for action. The First Regiment was sent to Pullman, under command of Colonel Turner. This regiment was divided up between three centres of industry adjacent to the big car-making plant and Pullman itself. These towns all lie within ten or fifteen miles of the heart of the city. They are Burnside, Kensington, and Fordham. Burnside lies to the north of the big works, and Kensington to the south.

The Second Regiment was sent to assist the regulars and the police at the stock-yards, and the Seventh was divided between Harvey and Riverdale, two towns within a few miles of Pullman toward the south and west. The militiamen were aided at these points with a strong force of United States marshals. The immediate cause of the order of these troops to the industrial centres surrounding Pullman was due to an outbreak in that part of the city. Friday morning the mob overturned a number of freight-cars at Kensington, and thoroughly blocked the Illinois Central tracks.

Still earlier on the morning of that day the mob fired a lot of cars that were standing on the tracks at Burnside. On that day, too, the boldest move perhaps ever made in a railroad strike was made by the strikers at Kensington. A milk-train was entering the city through the suburb. The strikers attacked it, stopped it, tore the engineer from his position at the lever, opened the engine wide up, and cut it loose on the track. The wild engine rushed down the track towards the city bent on its terrible and blind mission. Fortunately the strikers were blind too, and forgot their work of the morning. The wild engine smoked along the line until it ran into two freight-cars that had been overturned. It smashed these heavy structures into mere splinters, and the collision tore the heavy locomotive into shreds. Then it stopped.

On Friday a mob attacked a train on which Gerald Stark, a special detective of the Michigan Central, stood guard. The detective fired into the crowd and two men were killed. He was arrested and will be tried, but probably will not be punished severely. On Thursday night of last week the mob fired freight-cars all over the stock-yard district on the Rock Island and Panhandle tracks. About $2,000,000 worth of property was destroyed in this way. This action tied up these systems of railroads. By this means the traffic of the stock-yards, on which a large part of the world depends for its fresh meat, was paralyzed.

Saturday was a lively day for the Second Regiment of the Illinois National Guard. A riot took place at Forty-ninth and Loomis streets at three o'clock in the afternoon. A wrecking-train was taken out by Company H of the Second to clear the tracks of the wreckage done the day before. A mob gathered about the wrecking-train and at first insulted the militiamen with words. Presently they resorted to stones, and one of the missiles struck Lieutenant Reed in the head. The lieutenant fell, and the captain of the company ordered his men to fire into the crowd. A volley was turned on the rioters, who fell back, but they rallied, and made another attack. A second and a third volley were poured into them and scores of them fell. Then the men were ordered back to the train from what seemed inevitable death. The strikers dragged away their wounded, and retreated into the homes of their friends near by. How many men were killed or wounded in that action will never be known. Only one dead man was found by the authorities.

On Saturday night the Michigan Central was completely tied up. Sunday was a quiet day. But on Sunday night the strikers burned a bridge at Hammond, Indiana. That night, too, the first attempt was made to destroy Pullman sleepers, but it was only a partial success. This work was done near Hammond, where the bridge of the Monon road was burned. In the scrimmage that followed this disturbance the United States troops fired into the mob, and killed one man. It was on Sunday that the people of Chicago sat in fear and trembling awaiting the result of the meeting of the leaders and delegates of the various big labor organizations of Chicago, which was called to discuss the advisability of ordering a general strike of all organized labor in Chicago. This meeting sat all night, and early Monday morning voted by a big majority to paralyze the industry and commerce of the city with a general strike. On Monday this decision was announced, and it was said that the strike should go into effect on Tuesday afternoon at four o'clock. Still the people sat and waited.

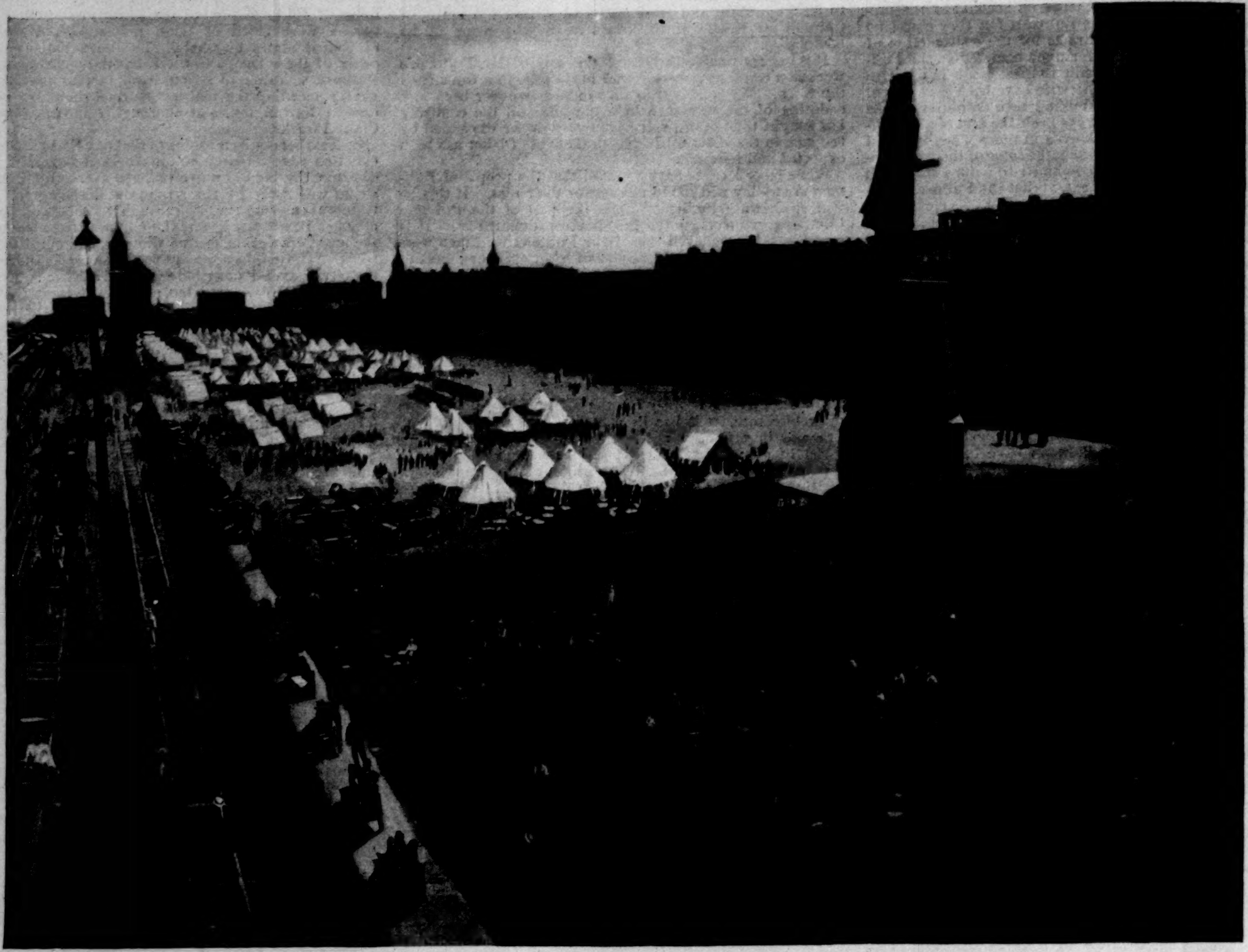
Monday was a quiet day except for the intensity of the feeling wrought up by the labor meeting and the imminence of a general strike. On this day the joint committee from the city council and the labor unions called on Vice-President Wickes of the Pullman Company to submit one last proposition to the company before the strike should go into effect. The committee called on Mr. Wickes, and asked him if the Pullman Company had anything to arbitrate with the company's ex-employés. To this question Mr. Wickes replied that the company had nothing to arbitrate. The committees went back, reported the result of their conference to their respective bodies, and then the order and the appeal were passed along the line. The gravest apprehension prevailed for the morrow.

At a meeting of General Miles and his staff, held in that officer's headquarters, the general ordered Colonel Crofton to tell his soldiers to shoot any man who carried his insults to the soldiers too far. This was a ringing order, and it had the desired effect. The people have not abused the regulars since. About the same time the same sort of an order was given to the officers of the militia, and incidentally there was a falling off in the way of sneers at the boys in the blue coats.

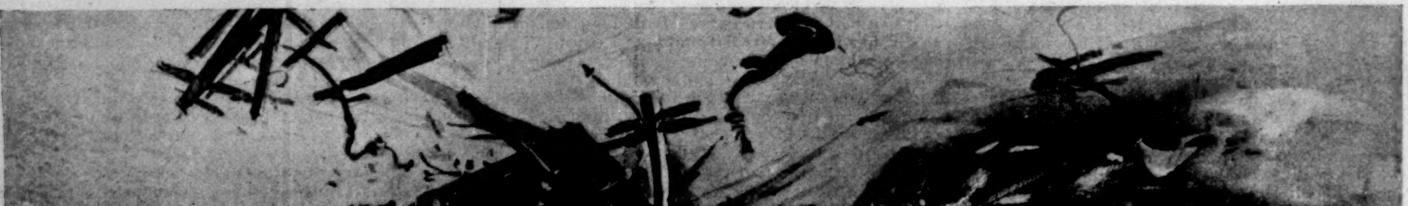
The chief incident of the strike on Tuesday was the arrest of Debs, Howard, Keliher, and Rogers, the executive officers of the American Railway Union. The Federal Grand Jury met on that day, and were given their instructions by Judge Grosscup. The United States attorney had some of the best legal talent in the city to assist him in his work. The Grand Jury did its work with promptness, and indicted these four men for conspiring to break the laws of the United States. The papers and official documents of the union were seized by the Federal authorities, and the quartet of labor leaders were jailed. They were soon bailed out. Three local politicians and gamblers signed their bonds. The trial will take place some time in the fall.

On Tuesday an important change was made in the handling of the troops in the Pullman district of the strike. As the Mayor of the city had applied for the soldiers, they were at his orders. In the Pullman and Kensington section Police Inspector Hunt had charge of the movements. This was practically leaving Colonel Turner at the beck and call of a police inspector, who seemed to appreciate the authority in him, for he kept the militia moving at a rate calculated to irritate the most energetic commander that ever wore a sword. Companies were despatched hither and thither with an abandon that caused the eyes of the officers to open wider and wider at each fresh order from the inspector.

Monday night Quartermaster Bell of the First Regiment was accidentally shot and slightly wounded by a bullet from Colonel Turner's pistol, which fell on the floor of the colonel's headquarters in Burnside. The wounded man was taken to the Hotel Florence, at Pullman, for greater convenience, and on Friday the colonel moved his headquarters thither. The same day Colonel Turner proceeded to the city, ready to hand his sword to Brigadier-General

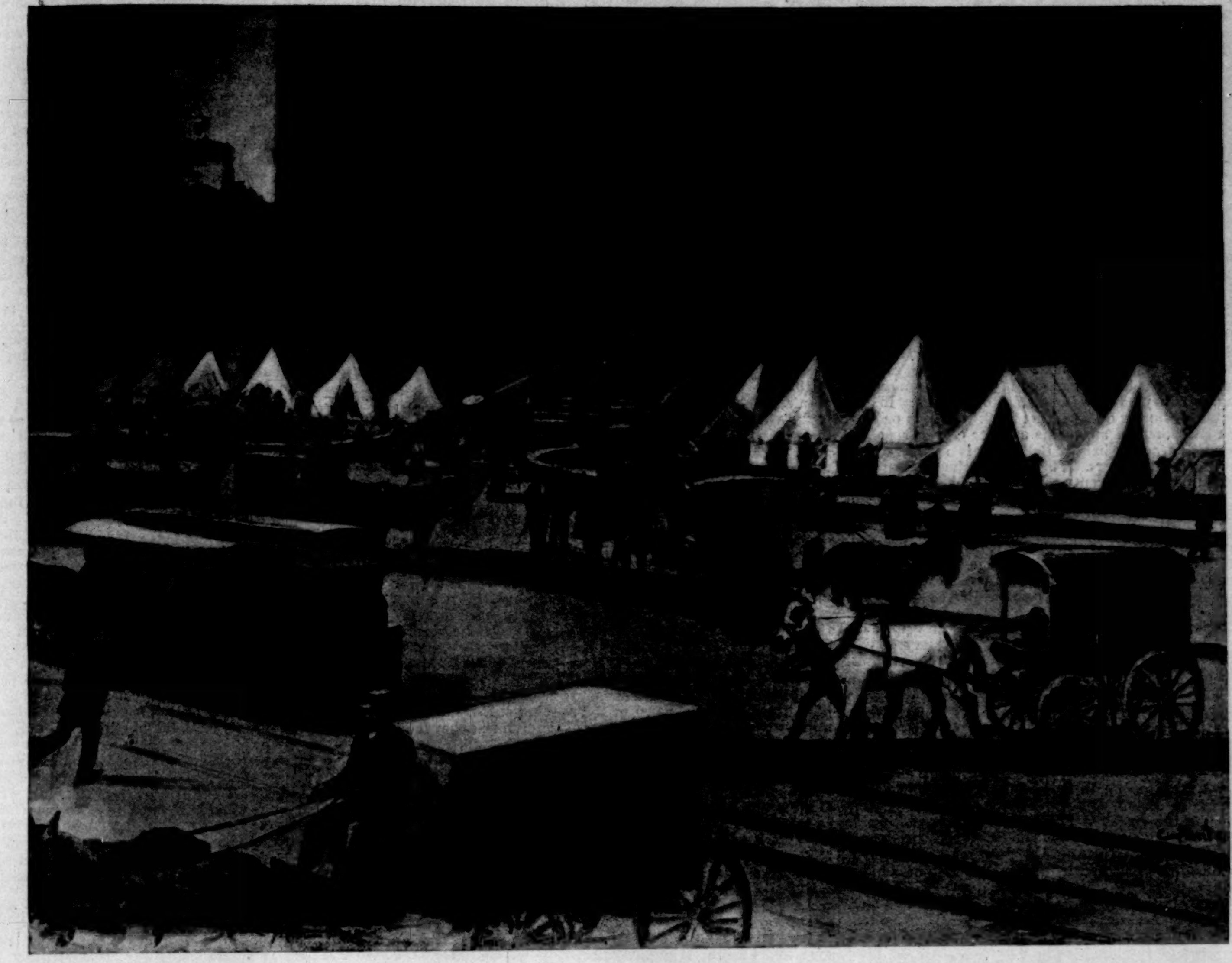


CAMP OF UNITED STATES REGULAR TROOPS ON THE LAKE FRONT, JULY 6TH.—DRAWN BY T. DART WALKER FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. W. TAYLOR.

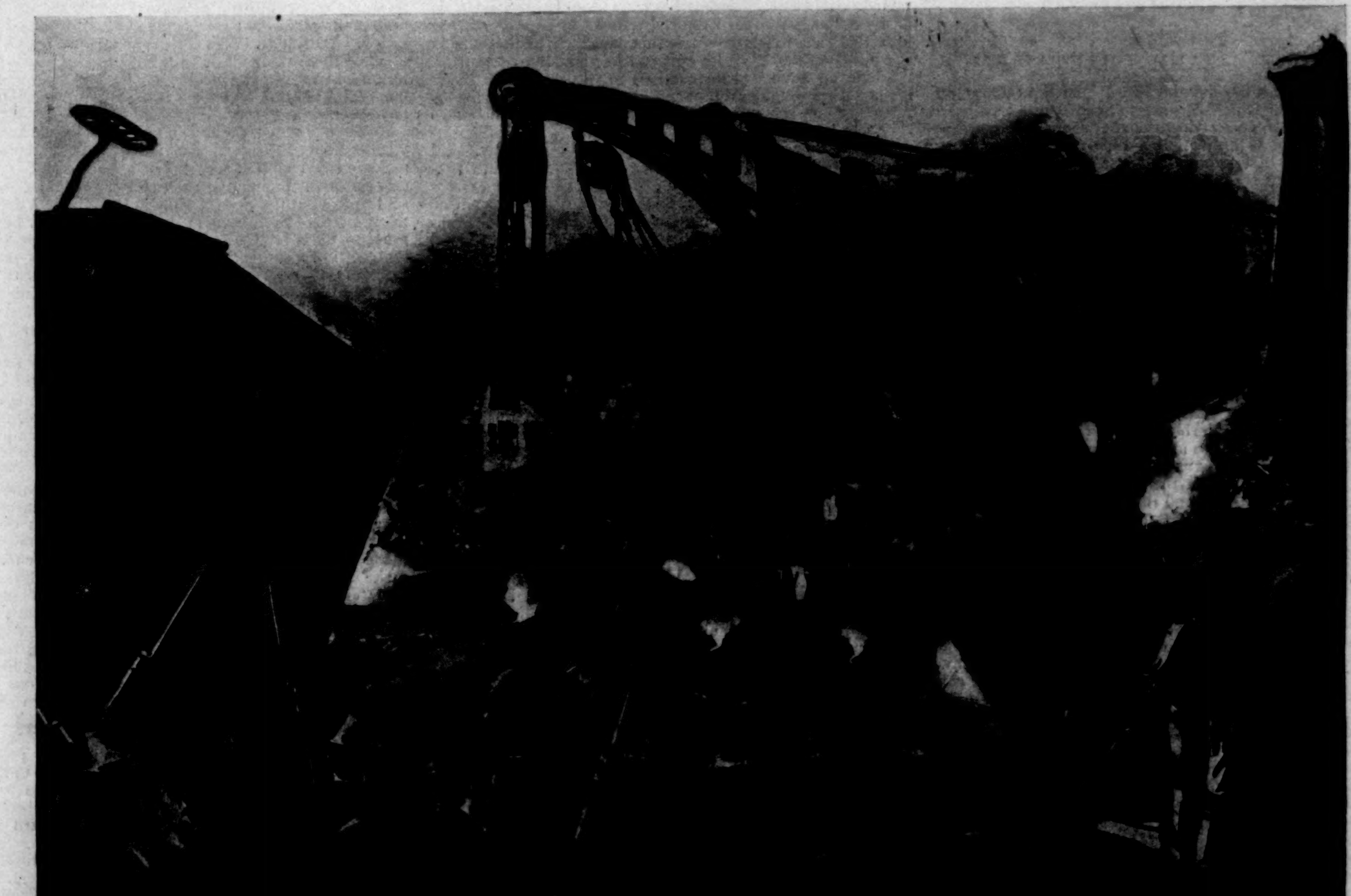


FREIGHT-CARS AND ENGINE WRECKED BY RIOTERS AT KENSINGTON, NEAR PULLMAN, JULY 6TH.—DRAWN BY G. W. PETERS FROM A SKETCH BY G. A. COFFIN.
The Strikers wrecked the Freight-Cars and then started a Switch-Engine without Engineer or Fireman at full Speed for the Cars.

THE GREAT RAILWAY STRIKES—SCENES IN AND ABOUT CHICAGO.—[SEE PAGE 686.]



UNITED STATES TROOPS ENCAMPED IN FRONT OF THE POST-OFFICE AND SUB-TREASURY, JULY 10TH.—DRAWN BY CHARLES MENTE FROM A SKETCH BY G. A. COFFIN.



NATIONAL GUARDSMEN FIRING INTO THE MOB AT LOOMIS AND FORTY-NINTH STREETS, JULY 7TH.—DRAWN BY G. W. PETERS FROM A SKETCH BY G. A. COFFIN.

THE GREAT RAILWAY STRIKES—SCENES IN AND ABOUT CHICAGO.—[SEE PAGE 686.]

Wheeler if Inspector Hunt were not taken off. This radical protest had the desired effect, and on Wednesday the colonel was absolute master of the troops at Pullman. With him came the Gatling section of the regiment.

It was learned Tuesday that fifty families, tenants of the Pullman Company, had fled from the town. The company has not pressed its tenants for back rent, but popular feeling against the millionaire is rampant in Chicago.

It was believed that on Wednesday morning all the working-men who were members of labor groups in Chicago would strike. The city was agreeably surprised to find that only a comparatively small number of men had gone out. On that day the sky seemed to be clearing. Quietness prevailed everywhere. No disturbances had taken place since Saturday, owing to the fact that the city was oppressed with soldiers and other armed forces of government, State, and municipality. On this day the Illinois Central, taking advantage of the *distrait* condition of affairs, practically resumed its freight, passenger, and suburban service. This step was a bold one, but it won.

There is one big train that the strike has never interfered with. It is the "Diamond Special" of the Illinois Central, a limited passenger train that runs between Chicago and St. Louis, leaving every night at 9.30. This train has not missed a single trip. It has been the envy of the strikers since the beginning, but they have been unable to touch it. It has two escorts. Running on a parallel track with it is one escort train composed of an engine and car carrying police and United States marshals. Behind it is another train filled with Federal soldiers. These two trains accompany the special to Harvey, twenty miles out. The mobs have tried to wreck the train time and again, but have always failed.

The chief matter of interest in the affairs of the big strike Thursday was the discovery of a supposed plot to blow up the Hotel Florence at Pullman and certain sections of the works with dynamite. The military authorities in the little town took extra precautions to prevent the execution of any such design. A thorough search was made in the cellars of the hotel, which was said to be the central point of attack. Additional interest was given to the story of the plot, as revealed by Colonel Turner himself, by the fact that two of the strikers Wednesday evening had tried to gain entrance to a store of dynamite in the Pullman works.

This dynamite had been bought by the company for the purpose of experimenting on burglar-proof safes. Thursday night it was learned that an attempt had been made to assassinate Harvey Middleton, superintendent of works. Thursday morning at four o'clock another attempt at assassination was made, on M. E. Page, Jun., a private of Company B, First Regiment, I. N. G. While he was on picket duty guarding the tracks at Fordham, a man fired a pistol point-blank at the young militiaman. Colonel Turner believes that the unruly element of the Pullman strikers have a plan to shoot down his men by night while they are doing sentinel duty.

The situation in the city Thursday was quiet. Only a few men outside the American Railway Union had left work, and the Chicago newspapers had adopted a tone that meant that the worst of the big trouble was over. All the railroads were running their regular passenger and freight trains, but under the protection of the police and military. The presence of these forces all over the city is believed to be the only bar to further rioting and disorder.

THE LONG ISLAND CHAUTAUQUA.

About five miles beyond the Fire Island light-house, on the great sand-bar which separates Great South Bay from the Atlantic Ocean, a new educational settlement is growing up. The locality is known as Point o' Woods, and less than a year ago it was nothing but a waste of sand and scrubby trees, with no habitation in sight save the life-saving station half a mile distant. Now the dunes have been surveyed, and houses have sprung up; there is a long wharf, at which steamers touch twice a day, and there are signs of busy life on all sides. A year from now there will be a large hotel there, and a steamboat owned by the association will make regular trips between Point o' Woods and Babylon and Bayshore. It is a boom town in the very midst of our Eastern civilization, and its boom is built on a substantial and common-sense model.

The idea of establishing a Chautauqua colony six miles out to sea originated with Mr. N. W. Foster, president of the bank at Riverhead; the Rev. A. E. Colton, of Patchogue; the Rev. John D. Long, of Babylon; Mr. O. A. Ackerly, of Yonkers; Dr. G. W. Winterburn, of New York; and a number of the principal business men of Sayville, Islip, Babylon, Bayshore, and the other towns along the south shore of Long Island. They believed that there was a field for such an institution near New York, and they decided to devote their energies to its establishment. The main idea, of course, was to have a pleasant sea-side resort where education might be assimilated with pleasure and good health at the same time. Point o' Woods was found to be a suitable locality, and a tract of 175 acres on the very edge of the ocean was purchased by the association.

This was in April last. Since then the land has been laid out by Colonel J. Y. Cuyler, the landscape architect of the Brooklyn parks, and over 250 of the 1000 building lots have been sold. As it was a part of the agreement of the sale that the lots should be built on within the year, there are already a number of cottages completed, and any number in course of construction. The Auditorium, where the lectures are given, is finished, and has a seating capacity of 4000, and room on the stage for a chorus of 500. There is also a school building with thirty class-rooms, the Association House, and a large number of shops and bath-houses. Broad board walks connect all these, and later on a wide promenade similar to the one at Asbury Park will be laid along the beach. The beach is by all odds the best feature of the natural landscape. It is broad and hard, and slopes out gently into the sea. The slope is so gradual that the breakers, by the time they have rolled up to the dry sand, have lost all their unpleasant force. The beach faces directly south, which makes the climate of Point o' Woods healthful and cool.

The Chautauqua plan will be closely followed at the little settlement on Great South Beach. The regular season began on July 4th, and will continue until September 5th. The daily programme consists of a lecture or an address in the Auditorium in the morning, and an entertainment or concert in the afternoon. Among those who have been engaged to lecture this season are Professor H. H. Boyesen, the Rev. Herrick Johnson, Hamilton W. Mabie, Carroll D. Wright, Miss Frances Willard, Dr. William Hayes Ward, Mrs. Margaret Bottome, Charles C. Bonney; Congressmen Quigg and Covert of New York, Burrows of Michigan, Boutelle of Maine, Johnson of North Dakota; Senators Hill of New York, Blanchard of Louisiana, Mitchell of Oregon, Peffer of Kansas, Dubois of Idaho; Captain Smith, U.S.N., Dr. Wyman, Rev. A. H. Bradford, D.D., Rev. John L. Scudder, D.D., Rev. B. B. Tyler, D.D., and a number of others.

In addition to the lectures and concerts there will be regular instruction in many branches. Students will be expected to pay tuition for attendance at the summer classes, but the lectures and concerts are to be free. A small admission fee is charged at the gate, or season tickets may be obtained by those who intend to make a stay at Point o' Woods. Among the courses and professors this summer will be Hebrew and the Semitic languages, Professor Chalmers Martin, of Princeton; Greek, Professor A. C. Zenos, of Chicago; Latin, Professor E. E. Nourse, of Hartford; modern languages, Professor C. F. Kroeh, of Stevens Institute; music, Professor F. Q. Dulcken; art, Miss A. T. Ward; cooking, Mrs. D. A. Lincoln; and navigation, E. B. Sammis, C. E.

The principal diversions at Point o' Woods are bathing and sailing. The splendid beach makes the former safe and agreeable, and as there is probably no more pleasant sailing-ground than the Great South Bay, the cat-boats and sloops of the natives are in constant demand. It is little over an hour's sail with a fair wind to any of the towns on the opposite shore, and the fishing thereabouts is all that could be desired. Trains run frequently to Babylon and Bayshore, and thence steamboats run to Point o' Woods. The distance from New York in point of time is about three hours.

Albert Lee.

MILITARY INSTRUCTION FOR BOYS.

Eliminating from the total male population of the United States those who are too young, too old, or incapable through bodily infirmities, there are about 8,000,000 men fitted for military service. If the question were asked, "How many of these 8,000,000 men would be efficient if engaged in war?" this could not be answered. The 25,000 men in regular service would form the nucleus of our military force, and as an adjunct there would be (on paper) about 105,000 militia. We might count these as an available force of 130,000 men, scattered over a vast extent of country. As to the efficiency of the remaining 7,870,000, or the shaping of these men for military purposes, the experiences of the civil war show how slow and costly would be the process.

The idea of a large standing army being abhorrent to us, we may never collect those mobilized forces the types of which are to be found in Germany, France, and Russia. Our own problem in a military sense finds perhaps an easy solution. It would be one of defence, not of offence. Nevertheless, pure resistance alone does not belong to the modern theory of strategy. In order to increase the effects of resistance there must be at times aggressive movements.

The idea that peace runs in a cycle of thirty years is not worth pinning our faith to. Much as we may pray for the age of constant peace, just as there are accidents which occur to the individual, so do they happen to the state. If there ever comes a time of sudden emergency, we are likely to be unprepared. The finest raw material in the world we have in abundance; it only wants dressing into shape.

Understanding what are our exact military deficiencies, a remedy, and an excellent one, has been proposed by the Grand Army of the Republic of the Department of New York, and it is this, that military instruction be given to the lads in the public schools. With this end in view, the veterans of the late war have sent instructions to all post commanders, urging them to take prompt and vigorous action towards influencing the school authorities in their neighborhoods to adopt and carry out the system.

The military instinct is innate in the American boy. All that is wanted is that it should be properly fostered. It is proposed, then, that instruction of the simplest character should be imparted to boys in the public schools, such as setting-up drills, facings, marching, manual of arms, company formation, and that the time of teaching distributed over the week shall not exceed one or two hours.

If such exercises were carried out, the physical advantages would at once be marked, for there is nothing like a military drill for the improvement of gait and bearing. In a month the slouchy lad would have all the warp and wobble taken out of him. More, however, than the finer bearing of the boy, he would be taught obedience, respect, and thus a higher sense of patriotism would be the resultant.

The school drill is the true nursery of the volunteer. The early lesson of the soldier would then become an integral part of the boy's life, and he would not be likely to outgrow it. For a great nation utterly unprepared to face a sudden emergency, there is no simpler way out of the difficulty than to begin with the American boy, and give him some military training when he is a pupil at the public school.

Barnet Phillips.

MAD DOGS AND RABID DOGS.

The season of the "mad dog" is at hand, and already a considerable number of canines have gotten themselves in the newspapers by manifesting symptoms of rabies. At least half a dozen cases have been reported in New York alone in the past month. Several persons have been bitten. In each case the dog has been immediately killed. That these dogs were "mad" probably admits of no question. That they were dangerous is equally certain. But there is very little probability indeed that a single one of them was rabid. There are scores of "mad" dogs in New York every year; but according to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals there has been but one rabid dog in the city in the past twenty-eight years. This statement serves very forcibly to illustrate the fact that there is a wide difference between ordinary madness in the dog and rabies, though the two are very generally supposed to be synonymous. In point of fact, there is the same difference between ordinary madness and rabies that there is, for example, between an ordinary case of insanity in a human subject and the delirium that may come in the course of such a disease as small-pox. Ordinary madness is an outburst of anger on the part of a dog, or an attack of epilepsy, or a spontaneous attack of insanity. To all of these conditions dogs are prone, because of the high development of their nervous system and brain. But rabies is a contagious disease, never originating *de novo*, but transferable from one animal to another through inoculation (ordinarily, but not necessarily, from biting), and affecting not alone dogs, but horses, cows, rats, cats, and many other animals. When transferred to the human subject it is called hydrophobia, because a manifestation of it in man is an inability to swallow water. This is not usually a symptom of the disease in rabid animals. In both man and the lower animals the mind becomes affected in the course of the disease. A rabid dog is therefore a mad dog, although, as has just been pointed out, a mad dog is not necessarily rabid.

As rabies is transmitted only by inoculation, its spread is usually due to animals that have a propensity to bite, as dogs, wolves, and cats. At this moment the disease is believed to be epidemic in a herd of cattle in Vermont, the source of contagion being a dog that chased and bit many of the cows. But there is, of course, little danger that the cows will transmit the disease. Dogs, owing to their nature and their habit of running about and associating together, are naturally the usual transmitters of the disease rabies, and they are very justly regarded as the chief agents in keeping the disease in existence.

The virus of rabies differs from every other known poison in that its period of incubation in the system varies almost indefinitely. Most other poisons introduced into the system manifest their ill effects in a tolerably definite period of time, this period being, in the case of most contagious diseases, from one to two weeks. But the virus of rabies may remain seemingly inert in the system for weeks, months, and, it is believed, even years, before manifesting its virulence. This fact, together with the uniform fatality of the disease when developed, makes rabies one of the most terrible of diseases. This uncertainty has also led to a very wide difference of opinion among medical men as to the nature of rabies, and even as to its existence. There have been competent physicians who maintained that there really is no such disease as hydrophobia, but that what has passed for such a disease is a hysterical or maniacal condition due to fright, or worry, or to some other cause quite independent of inoculation with the saliva of a rabid animal. And there can be no question that a very large number of the cases of reputed hydrophobia are susceptible of this explanation. But it is now conceded by the best authorities that there is another quota of cases that are true hydrophobia—that is, rabies, due to inoculation with a specific poison. Not every person bitten by a rabid animal develops this disease. In some cases the poisonous saliva may be wiped off on the clothing, and not enter the system; in others the system may antagonize it, as the systems of some persons antagonize the virus of other contagious diseases. But no person who has been bitten by a rabid animal can for a long time feel absolutely certain that he will not develop the disease.

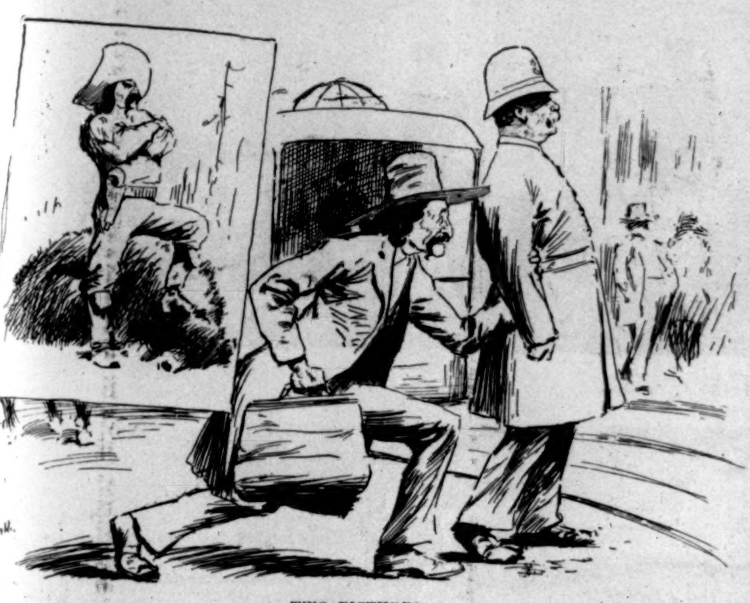
But, on the other hand, the bite of a mad dog that is not rabid can by no possibility cause the disease hydrophobia. It may cause an ugly wound, but when that wound heals there is no more subsequent danger than from a wound due to the cut of a knife or any other accident. So while a person bitten by a rabid dog must pass through an anxious period of many months (unless, indeed, he be treated by the Pasteur preventive method, as he certainly should be if that is available), a person who has been bitten never so severely by a dog that is merely mad, and not rabid, need have no solicitude whatever after the wound heals.

Hence it is plainly of the utmost importance, whenever a mad dog has bitten any one, to ascertain positively whether or not that dog is rabid. In view of the facts just stated, to kill such an animal and throw its body in the gutter, as is usually done, is little less than a criminal procedure. A mad dog that has bitten any one ought to be secured, if possible, and confined to ascertain if it be rabid. If this cannot be safely accomplished, the animal should be killed, and its brain and spinal cord taken out and sent to an expert to be tested. To fail to effect a definite diagnosis by one or the other of these methods is to inflict upon whoever has been bitten by the animal a prolonged period of suspense, that is none the less cruel because it is usually proved in the end to have been unnecessary.

As already noted, rabies is a very rare disease as compared with ordinary madness. But it should be remembered that a single rabid animal may infect a large number of others, and cause an epidemic of the disease. Such an epidemic is said to exist at the present time in the city of Athens, where many persons have been bitten, some of whom have wisely gone to Paris for the Pasteur treatment. New York, with its record of a single case in twenty-eight years, has certainly been fortunate. Yet, in view of the fact that there are rabid animals in the country that may at any time find their way to the city, one cannot regard altogether without apprehension the recent ruling of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to the effect that properly licensed dogs may go about unmuzzled. The society argues that the infrequency of rabies, together with the fact that madness (not rabies) is sometimes due to the wearing of a muzzle, sufficiently warrants this ruling. But the point is at least debatable. The muzzling of all dogs is a practically sure preventive of the spread of rabies, as shown in Prussia, where this measure has eliminated the disease. The raising of a certain barrier against such a disease is surely an end that would justify inflicting a good deal of inconvenience upon dog-owners, and discomfort upon dogs themselves. There seems no good reason why a muzzle might not be made that would be reasonably comfortable for the dog, yet make biting impossible. But if such cannot be secured, it is better that an occasional dog shall go mad in consequence of wearing an uncomfortable muzzle than that any one shall be bitten by a dog because of failure to use a muzzle. Quite independently of rabies, it is no unusual thing for dogs to snap at strangers on the street, and no one cares to be bitten by a dog, mad or otherwise. There is only one tolerably sure way to prevent this, and that is to require all dogs to be muzzled when at large.

It has been said that the city is no place for dogs anyway, and that is true enough. But neither is it any proper place to raise children, or, for that matter, for adults to live in the year around. But the tide of population the world over flows steadily cityward none the less, and the dog-loving instinct will not be suppressed even by untoward surroundings. Ten thousand dogs were licensed during the month of May by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and every one of the ten thousand owners, with perhaps twice as many more who have not yet complied with the law, would think it a hardship if he were obliged to part with his pet. But no one of them ought to think it a hardship if he were required to give the million and a half or so of people in the city who do not keep dogs the greatest possible degree of safety from casualties due to a possible outbreak of his pet; and this can only be secured by the proper muzzling of all dogs allowed at large. But, muzzled or unmuzzled, dogs will become mad, and succeed in biting people, and the point to be emphasized is that in every such case it should be ascertained definitely whether the animal was rabid or only mad, that the bitten individual may, in the former case, secure proper preventive treatment, and in the latter dismiss all apprehension after his wound has healed.

Henry Smith Williams, M.D.



TWO PICTURES.

DEAD-SHOT BILL AFTER HAVING KILLED HIS TWENTY-EIGHTH GRIZZLY,

AND CROSSING BROADWAY ON HIS FIRST TRIP SINCE THE CABLE-LINE STARTED.

THE MOVEMENT FOR BETTER ROADS.

FROM the time of the establishment of the American republic till the general introduction of railways in the United States the agitation for an improved system of internal highways was incessant and continuous, but not a great deal was done, though great reforms were upon the eve of accomplishment. When the railway came into being the country-road question was put aside, the people seeming to think that the steel tracks would make the ordinary wagon road obsolete and useless. And until within the past ten years the question has not had any general discussion. During the long period of inaction the country people apparently came to the conclusion that nothing could be done to secure better roads, and so all efforts for a better state of highways were quietly abandoned. When the bicycle came into general use the riders of the wheel became critics of the roads and advocates of their betterment. The agitation begun by them has extended all over the country, and fourteen States have passed laws which it is hoped will enable the people to secure good roads, while in the remainder of the States legislation of a similar character is either pending or contemplated. The laws have hitherto generally been defective, inasmuch as in nearly every State the old custom of working out taxes on the roads prevailed. This feature of the old laws has been left out of all the new laws, and in these there is generally provision made to take the building and maintenance of roads out of the hands of townships and township districts and confide these duties to county authorities. The experience of a hundred years in this country and in England shows the wisdom of taking highway administration away from the merely local or neighborhood authorities. A road is like a chain, and must be judged by the bad stretches in it.

The first week in July there met in Asbury Park a good-roads conference with delegates representing forty States. Ten years, or even five years, ago it is not likely that at such a conference delegates from ten States could have been secured. The large number present at the meeting shows that the movement has grown greatly in strength, and the speeches that the delegates made show, further, that the campaign of education has had the effect of arousing the interest of the people. While this interest has resulted here and there in an improvement of the roads, such as was described in my article in the last issue of the WEEKLY, it needs to be stimulated by further agitation and by the continued dissemination of knowledge on the subject, for the people will have to demand that provisions be made for better roads before the men who go to the State Legislatures will make the proper laws and appropriations for the purpose. At this conference General Roy Stone, engineer of the Bureau of Road Inquiry of the Department of Agriculture, demonstrated, from carefully collected statistics, that the money lost to farmers in the United States by increased expense in hauling over the poor roads is between six hundred and seven hundred million dollars yearly, or about one-quarter of all the products of the farm lands. This is an immense burden upon the agriculture of the country, and the farmers bear the greater share of it, but naturally they place upon the consumer all of this that is possible. The road question, therefore, is not one that is of interest only to country people; it is of interest to everybody. This being the case, it is only fair that all property should help pay the expense of road improvement.

The principle of State aid has been inaugurated in New Jersey, where $75,000 a year is appropriated to help counties where good roads are built. For three years all of this went to two or three counties, there being no demand for it in other parts of the State. Next year if the appropriation were $500,000 all of it could be expended under the provisions of the law, as the interest of the people in the State has been generally aroused to the importance of the subject. In New York legislation on this subject for one cause and another has miscarried, and though the movement began in this State, the people now are only a trifle better off than they were fifty years ago; but another Legislature will probably place on the statute-books a wiser law than any to be found there now. But it is gratifying to know that this important movement has not wasted its strength in speeches and resolutions, but is resulting in practical work that will benefit the people immediately as well as in the future.

JNO. GILMER SPEED.

DO YOU HAVE ASTHMA?

IF you do, you will be glad to hear that the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa, is reported a positive cure for the disease. The Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, have such faith in this new discovery that they are sending out free by mail large trial cases of Kola Compound to all sufferers from Asthma who send their name and address on a postal card. Write to them.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

THE FOOD EXPOSITION is an educator for housekeepers. You are not obliged to attend it to appreciate the value of Borden's Peerless Evaporated Cream. Your Grocer can supply you; always ready; uniform results assured. Insist upon having Borden's.—[*Adv.*]

TEN drops of the genuine ANGOSTURA BITTERS, manufactured only by Dr. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS, impart a delicious flavor to cold drinks, and prevent all summer diseases.—[*Adv.*]

WITH nerves unstrung and heads that ache
Wise women BROMO-SELTZER take.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE POPULAR FRENCH TONIC
VIN MARIANI
FORTIFIES NOURISHES STIMULATES REFRESHES Body and Brain
Indorsed by eminent Physicians everywhere.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS AND GROCERS.
AVOID SUBSTITUTIONS.
Sent Free, Album, 75 PORTRAITS and AUTOGRAPHS of Celebrities.
MARIANI & CO., 52 West 15th St., New York.

WHITE ROSE
No. 4711 MARK
GLYCERINE-SOAP
No. 4711

If you want the finest TOILET SOAP ask for this brand.
Unequaled for all Persons with a Delicate and Tender Skin.
Should your dealer not have it, send 20 cents in stamps for a sample cake to
MULHENS & KROPFF, New York, U. S. Agents.

IVORY
IVORY
SOAP
99 44/100 %
PURE
FOR THE BABY.
THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CIN'TI.

UNDOUBTEDLY TRUE

The "New York and Chicago Limited" is the successor to the New York Central's famous "Exposition Flyer" between New York and Chicago, every day in the year.

Leaves Grand Central Station, New York, at 10.30 A.M., to-day.
Arrives Lake Shore Station, Chicago, at 9.30 A.M., to-morrow.

Leaves Lake Shore Station, Chicago, at 5.30 P.M., to-day.
Arrives Grand Central Station, New York, at 6.30 P.M., to-morrow.

This is the most comfortable and most interesting thousand-mile railroad ride in the world, as it is over the great Four-Track Trunk Line of the United States, through the beautiful Mohawk Valley, and along the historic Hudson River—via

"AMERICA'S GREATEST RAILROAD"

THE LITTLE FINGER DOES IT
THE AUTOMATIC REEL

It will wind up the line a hundred times as fast as any other reel in the world. It will wind up the line slowly. No fish can ever get slack line with it. It will save more fish than any other reel. *Manipulated entirely by the hand that holds the rod.* SEND FOR CATALOGUE.
The LITTLE FINGER DOES IT.
YAWMAN & ERBE, Rochester, N. Y.

THE CELEBRATED
SOHMER
Pianos are the Best.
Warerooms: 149-155 E. 14th St., New York.
CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the SOHMER Piano with one of a similarly sounding name of cheap grade. Our name spells—
S-O-H-M-E-R.

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS
NOTICE
NAME THUS
Stewart Hartshorn
ON LABEL
AND GET
THE GENUINE
HARTSHORN

20th Edition—Postpaid for 25c. (or stamps).
THE HUMAN HAIR
Why it Falls Off, Turns Grey, and the Remedy.
By Prof. HARLEY PARKER, F. R. A. S., London.
A. N. LONG & CO., 1013 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.
"Every one should read this little book."—*Athenæum.*

If You Want a BICYCLE
WRITE US AND SAVE $10 TO $50. SURE!
STOKES MFG. CO. CHICAGO, ILL

-A- TOILET Gem
WRIGHT'S MYRRH TOOTH SOAP.
It is recommended by all leading dentists in every civilized country. Sample FREE. WRIGHT & CO., Detroit, Mich.

HARPER & BROTHERS
PUBLISHERS

PERLYCROSS. A Novel. By R. D. BLACKMORE, Author of "Lorna Doone," "Springhaven," etc. 12mo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 75. (*Third Edition now ready.*)

CARLOTTA'S INTENDED, AND OTHER TALES. By RUTH MCENERY STUART, Author of "A Golden Wedding," etc. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 50.

OUR HOME PETS: How to Keep Them Well and Happy. By OLIVE THORNE MILLER. Illustrated. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

THE POTTER'S THUMB. A Novel. By FLORA ANNIE STEEL. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 50.

A PRODIGAL IN LOVE. A Novel. By EMMA WOLF, Author of "Other Things Being Equal." Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

THEATRICALS. Two Comedies: "Tenants"—"Disengaged. By HENRY JAMES, Author of "Essays in London and Elsewhere," "Daisy Miller," etc. Post 8vo, Cloth, Uncut Edges, $1 75.

LITERARY AND SOCIAL SILHOUETTES By HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN. With Portrait. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 00. ("Harper's American Essayists.")

AN INTERLOPER. A Novel. By FRANCES MARY PEARD, Author of "Catherine," "The Swing of the Pendulum," etc. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

A TRAVELER FROM ALTRURIA. Romance. By W. D. HOWELLS, Author of "The Coast of Bohemia," "The World of Chance," etc. Post 8vo, Cloth, $1 50.

PASTIME STORIES. By THOMAS NELSON PAGE. Illustrated by A. B. FROST, 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

FROM THE EASY CHAIR. By GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS. Third Series. With Portrait. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 00. ("Harper's American Essayists.")

THE EXILES, AND OTHER STORIES. By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, Author of "Van Bibber, and Others," "Our English Cousins," etc. With Portrait and Illustrations. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 50.

PEMBROKE. A Novel. By MARY E. WILKINS, Author of "Jane Field," "A Humble Romance," "A New England Nun," etc. Illustrated. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 50.

CADET DAYS. A Story of West Point. By Captain CHARLES KING, Author of "A War-Time Wooing," "Between the Lines," etc. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

WITH EDGED TOOLS. A Novel. By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN, Author of "From One Generation to Another," etc. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

ORATIONS AND ADDRESSES OF GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS. Edited by CHARLES ELIOT NORTON. Three Volumes. With Photogravure Portrait. 8vo, Cloth, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $3 50 per vol.

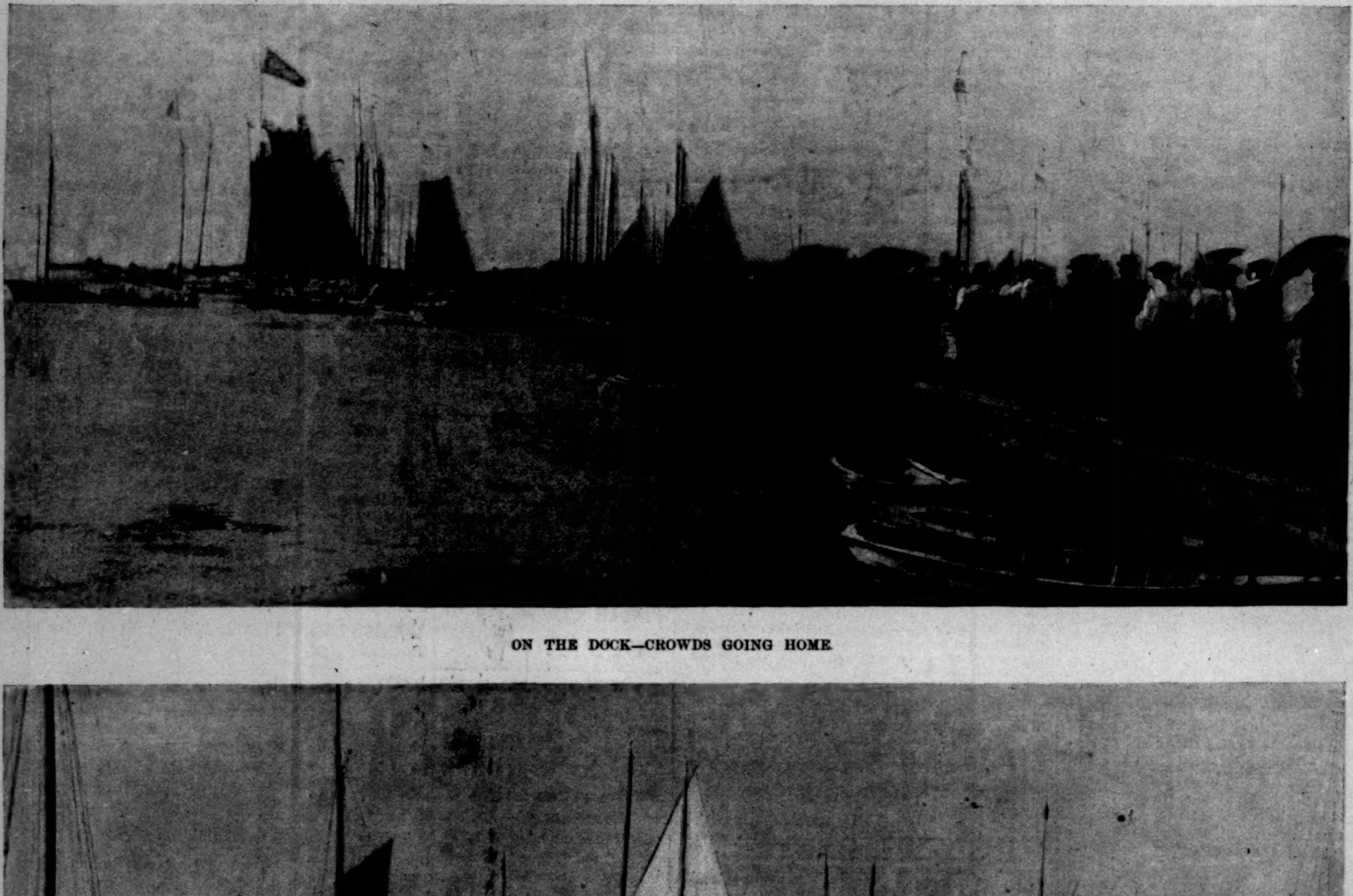
HARPER'S BLACK AND WHITE SERIES. Recent Issues: "Three Weeks in Politics." By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.—"Five O'Clock Tea." Farce. By W. D. HOWELLS. "The Mouse-Trap." Farce. By W. D. HOWELLS. Illustrated. 32mo, Cloth, 50 cents each.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

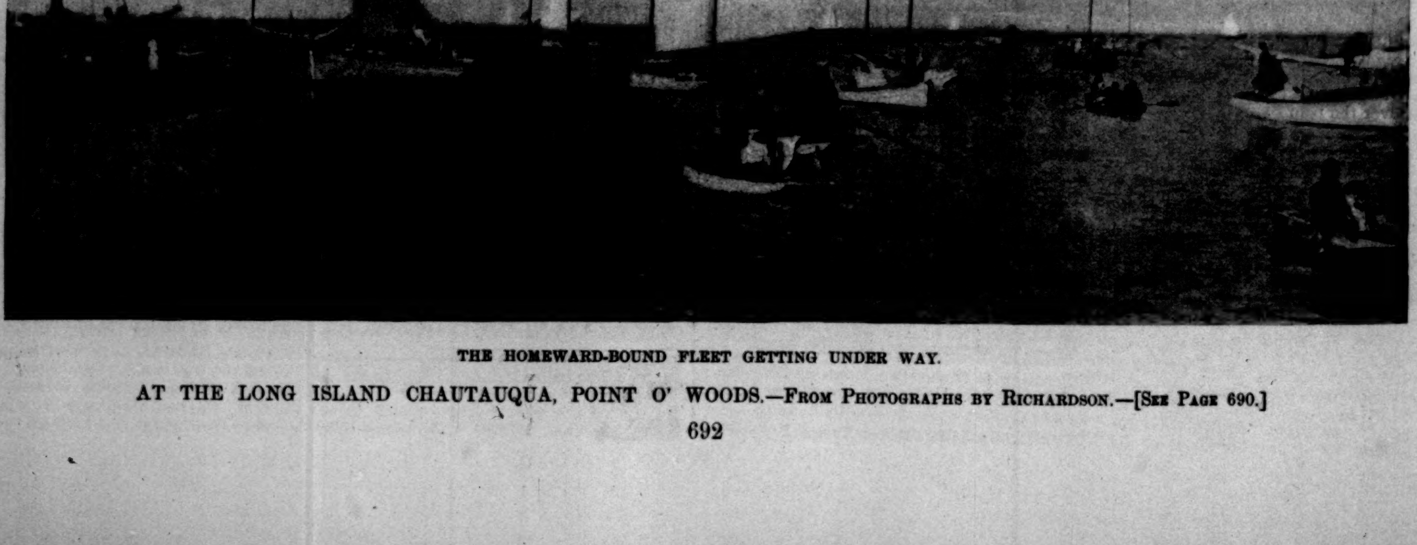
The above works are for sale by all booksellers, or will be sent by the publishers, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, Canada, or Mexico, on receipt of price. HARPER'S CATALOGUE *will be sent to any address on receipt of Ten Cents in stamps.*

ON THE BEACH AT POINT O' WOODS.

POINT O' WOODS, GREAT SOUTH BEACH, LONG ISLAND.

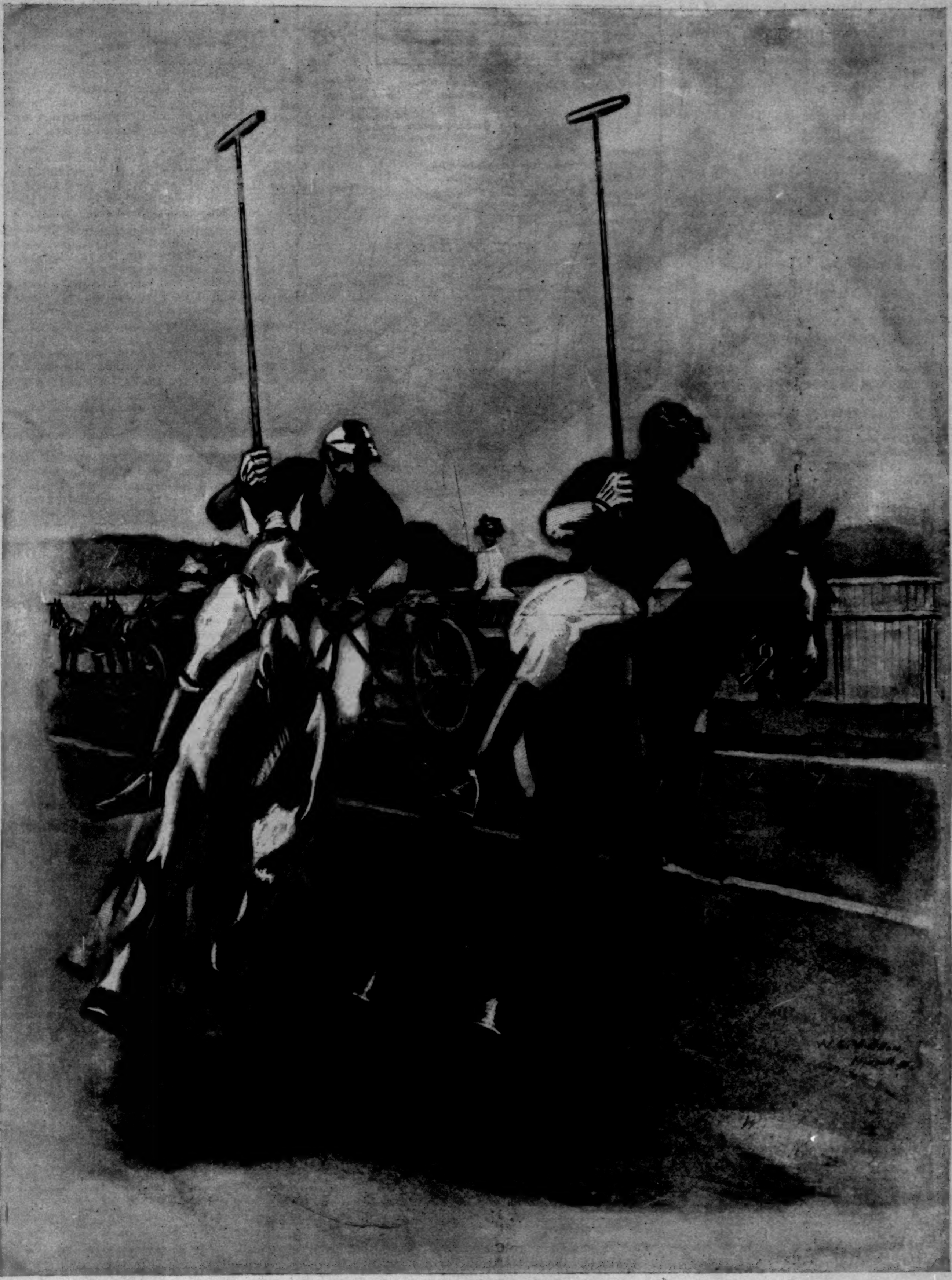


ON THE DOCK—CROWDS GOING HOME.



THE HOMEWARD-BOUND FLEET GETTING UNDER WAY.

AT THE LONG ISLAND CHAUTAUQUA, POINT O' WOODS.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARDSON.—[SEE PAGE 690.]



"RIDING OUT."—DRAWN BY W. S. VANDERBILT ALLEN.

AMATEUR · SPORT

THE POLO SITUATION OF 1894, more than in any other year since we first took up the game nearly twenty years ago, gives unmistakable evidence of the narrow policy that has prevailed in the Eastern clubs, and permitted season after season to pass by in almost total disregard of the second-class player. Perhaps I should qualify that statement somewhat as touching one or two clubs; for those about Boston, notably the Myopia, have been the exception to the rule, and with excellent results to their game on the field.

To say that in over fifteen years of practice the playing resources of the clubs have been but very little strengthened is not a very gratifying commentary on the system that has obtained, and yet it is literally true.

It is a fact that polo, as played by the Atlantic members of the Association, is a game in which only those with a comparative amount of leisure and a fairly comfortable bank account may engage, and those desiderata are taken into consideration in the present comment on the existing state of affairs. It is not the quality of polo we see in tournament play that we would criticise, but the extremely limited number of men who are up to that standard. Roughly speaking, there are probably a score of men that play what may be called tournament polo, and of these about half are first-class; the balance perform so indifferently that in the event of being put on their club four in a match game the standard of team play is very much lowered.

In other words, the average of skill is so low outside of a chosen few that, as a rule, the loss of one of the regular players from a club team usually results in that team either forfeiting a match or going into it considerably handicapped.

THERE IS ANOTHER REASON for this situation than that the material is wanting, or that it is of so poor a quality as to yield only players of mediocre skill, and it is to be found solely in the persistent disregard by clubs of their second-class men. There is no club in the Association which has not from time to time revealed on its home grounds excellent undeveloped material, no one of them that could not have doubled its list of first-class players had it encouraged the candidates that presented themselves. There has never any incentive been given these men to perfect their form; here and there one unusually enthusiastic has persisted in his practice and won his way to recognition, and in some cases even to the front ranks, but as a class they have been ignored. Had a broader and wiser policy been pursued, the clubs would have made some effort to develop the play of these men by inaugurating second-team matches on home grounds, and by enlisting in their development the active interest of their first-class players. How much credit would have redounded to the clubs is shown by the history of Myopia, which, from having a couple of years ago a team that was entirely outclassed by the Meadowbrook and Rockaway, brought it up to a point last year where it proved equal to the best at Newport.

Whatever the future may hold for the Eastern game, it is morally certain that either some attention must be given the class that naturally furnishes recruits, or, with the dropping out of the few brilliant players, the standard of team skill must fall below what it now is. We cannot truthfully say that polo in the East has kept the pace so thoroughly good a game should have maintained, and it seems the more regrettable that the cause arises from an unsportsmanlike condition of affairs.

BEYOND THE IMMEDIATE VICINITY of New York the situation appears more encouraging. Baltimore has recently begun to play, Chicago is organizing a team, two are playing in Iowa, several in Texas, one in Colorado, one in St. Louis, while on the Pacific coast the game has been enjoying a steady growth for several years past.

In lower California, where they hook mallets after the English fashion, are the Santa Monica and Riverside clubs, where sides are usually limited to three players. In a country where inter-club matches are of infrequent occurrence, and where members of the same club must necessarily play against and with one another for practice, there is something to be said in favor of this number.

The difficulty in such cases is to obtain a No. 1 in a team. It is such an unselfish position that men can hardly be expected to fill it on ordinary occasions unless there is some ulterior glory to be gained, and unless a man is well used

to it, he will certainly be in the way of the others of the team, and do no good to himself.

The Riverside team is very successful with its combination. R. Bettner, who has an extraordinarily handy pony, has instructions always to keep up to the front without getting off-side; C. E. Maud plays No. 2, and G. L. Waring (captain) back. If the back goes up, No. 2 immediately takes his place, and remains there until back has finished his run and can get into his place again. Thus two are working hard on the ball all the time, and the third is hitting it back or on to them.

The players of the Santa Monica team, J. B. Procter (captain), W. H. Young, J. Machell, are individually very fair, but they do not seem to have so good a system.

A club will probably be formed at Santa Barbara; a large one has been in existence for over a year at San Francisco.

Apropos of hooking mallets, Mr. George P. Eustis, who is playing in Paris, where the game has only recently been started, and good players are scarce, writes me: "We play hooking mallets and off-side here altogether, and I found no difficulty at all in mastering that style, and now prefer it by far to the other. There is hardly any dangerous riding out, and of course fewer goals made, while I find with my American ponies that I can pull up very quickly, and keep number one, and sometimes a couple of men, off-side nearly all the time."

THE ASSOCIATION had 100 members in 1890; in 1891, 142; in 1892, 161; in 1893, 180; 1894 (in 16 clubs), 202—a total increase of 102 in four years.

The Meadow Brook Club in 1890 had 14 members, and 16 goals were charged against them. In 1891, 15 members and 42 goals; 1892, 21 members and 48 goals; 1893, 22 members and 46 goals; 1894, 26 members and 89 goals.

The Rockaway Club in 1890 had 15 members, and their gross handicap amounted to 28 goals. In 1891 its membership was 16, and the handicap 52 goals. In 1892 the membership had risen to 20, but the handicap had dropped to 48; 1893, the membership was 21, and goals 53; 1894, membership 25, goals 78.

The Country Club of Westchester in 1890 had 14 members and 14 goals; 1891, 15 members and 24 goals; 1892, 18 members and 37 goals; 1893, 17 members and 34 goals; 1894, 17 members and 53 goals.

The Morris County Country Club in 1890 had 8 members and 5 goals; 1891, 8 members and 17 goals; 1892, 8 members and 15 goals; 1893, 9 members and 11 goals; 1894, 7 members and 11 goals.

The Essex County Country Club in 1890 had 11 members and 12 goals; 1891, 10 members and 18 goals; 1892, 11 members and 20 goals; 1893, 10 members and 21 goals; 1894, 12 members and 31 goals.

The Myopia Club made its first appearance on the polo field in 1891, and in that year it had 16 members and 25 goals, being fortunate enough to start off with several well-known men who had played with other clubs. In 1892 it had 14 members and 20 goals; 1893, 13 members and 20 goals; 1894, 14 members and 55 goals.

The Harvard Club in 1891, its first year, had 8 members and 17 goals; 1892, 8 members and 18 goals; 1893, 12 members and 21 goals; 1894, 11 members, 32 goals.

The Country Club of Brookline, Massachusetts, was organized in 1892, and entered the Association with 8 members, whose aggregate handicap was 11 goals; in 1893 it had the same number of members and 12 goals, and this year has increased its membership to 11 and goals to 32.

The Westchester Club in 1890 had 15 members and 13 goals; 1891, 9 members and 20 goals; 1892, 8 members and 23 goals; 1893, 8 members and 23 goals; 1894, 6 members and 21 goals.

The Hingham Club in 1891, its year of début, had 10 members, and no goals charged to any one; in 1892 it stood in the same position; 1893, it had 8 members and 1 goal; 1894, 10 members and 4 goals.

The Philadelphia Country Club in 1890 had 13 members and no handicap; 1891, 12 members and 3 goals; 1892, 11 members and 6 goals; 1893, 16 members and 7 goals; 1894, 16 members and 13 goals.

The Oyster Bay Club in 1890 had 10 members and no goals; 1891, 11 members and 4 goals; 1892, 11 members and 8 goals; 1893, 9 members and 3 goals; 1894, 9 members and 4 goals.

The Tuxedo Polo Club joined the Association in 1891 with 12 members and a handicap of 5 goals; 1892, 13 members and 5 goals; 1893, 10 members and 5 goals; 1894, 10 members and 6 goals.

The Country Club of St. Louis, one of the late members of the Association, came in 1893, with no man among the 14 handicapped a solitary goal; in 1894 it has 12 members and 5 goals.

The Dedham Club joined the Association this year with 11 members and a 9-goal handicap.

The Monmouth Country Club, also an 1894 convert, has 6 members and no handicap.

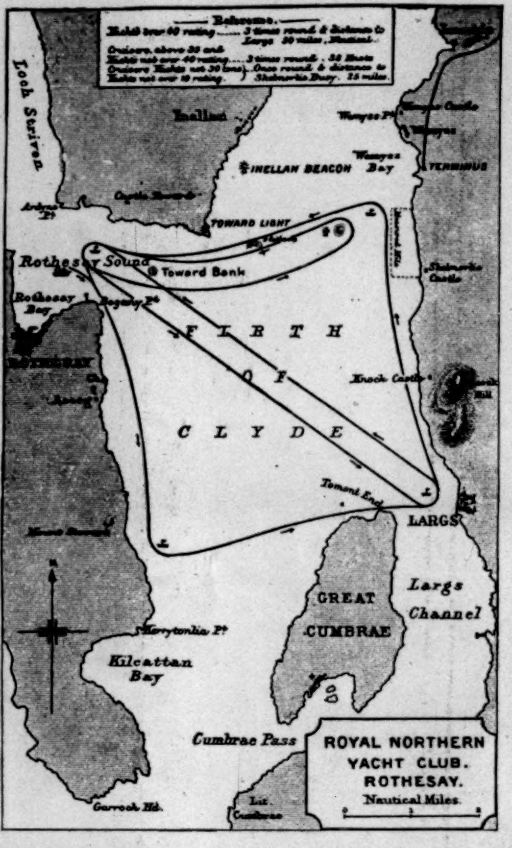
One might suppose from the increased club handicap in 1894 over 1893 that the play of last year had been exceptionally brilliant, and the improvement of form notable.

The fact is, however, that, aside from the Independence team, captained by Thomas Hitchcock, Jun.—and made up from the Meadow Brook, Myopia, and Morris County clubs—the Harvard, Country Club of Westchester, and the Myopia clubs, the general form was below that of 1892, comment that has particular application to Meadow Brook and Rockaway. The increased club handicap is explained by the general raising of the handicap scale.

A few, however, have been additionally handicapped because of their improved play, notably R. L. Agassiz, Myopia, from 5 to 10 goals; A. P. Gardiner, Myopia, 3 to 7; Thomas Hitchcock, Jun., Meadow Brook, 7 to 10; R. G. Shaw, 2d, Myopia, 5 to 9; F. B. Fay, Country Club, Brookline, 2 to 5; J. E. Cowdin, Rockaway, 8 to 10; Benjamin Nicoll, Meadow Brook, 6 to 8; George P. Eustis, Meadow Brook, 3 to 5; E. C. Potter, Country Club of Westchester, 5 to 7; T. A. Havemeyer, Jun., Country Club of Westchester, 5 to 7.

Mr. Foxhall Keene, with 9 goals, formerly had the largest individual handicap; this year, however, he divides the highest honors of ten goals with three others.

IF ANY FURTHER EVIDENCE WERE NECESSARY to convince us of the need in polo for more second teams, it might be obtained by a study of the tournaments that have been held thus far this year. Scarcity of money, and the dropping out here and there of a crack, have occasioned a wholesale scratching and forfeiting of games, that in some cases has cut what was originally planned for a week's schedule down to one or at most two days of play. No one is adding to his expenses in these uncertain times, and polo-players, being no exception to the rule, are entering as few tournaments away from home as possible. For such reasons was the Philadelphia tournament abandoned, and Westchester reduced to half the play regularly scheduled. Westchester in addition suffered from the selfish spirit that regards nobody's pleasure or convenience, which in so many of the *jeunesse dorée* who affect the game appears to reveal itself on frequent and inopportune occasions. Generally speaking, the form shown has not, except in a few cases, equalled that of last year.



FROM "YACHTING."—BADMINTON LIBRARY: LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO.

IN THE FIRST TOURNAMENT for individual cups, June 1st, at the Country Club of Brookline, the home team (Frank Seabury, 1 g., W. H. Goodwin, 0 g., G. F. Woodman, 0 g., F. B. Fay, 5 g.) won from Myopia (A. P. Gardiner, 7 g., R. G. Shaw, 2d, 9 g., Max Norman, 3 g., James Parker, 4 g.)—21½ goals to 13, of which the winners were allowed 17 by handicap and ½ by penalties, and losers 1 g. by penalty.

The Meadow Brook Club cups, decided June 8th, at Meadow Brook, were won by the home team (G. L. Day, 5 g., T. Hitchcock, Jun., 10 g., H. P. Whitney, 6 g., Benj. Nicoll, 8 g.) from Rockaway (J. S. Stevens, 7 g., J. E. Cowdin, 10 g., Foxhall Keene, 10 g., W. Rutherfurd, 7 g.)—11 goals to 10, of which the winners were allowed 5.

The Hitchcock cups, presented by Thomas Hitchcock, Jun., were played for June 15th, at Meadow Brook, by the Rockaway second team (G. L. Myers, 2 g., F. Conover, 2 g., Foxhall Keene—W. Rutherfurd—10 g., E. K. Stowe, 4 g.) and the Associates (H. S. Page, 2 g., J. L. Kernochan—W. C. Eustis—4 g., H. V. R. Kennedy, 4 g., E. W. Roby, 3 g.). Rockaway won by 9½ to 8 goals, of which the losers were allowed 6 goals by handicap and the winners ½ by penalty.

The Polo Association Cups were secured at Westchester, June 29th, by Meadow Brook (G. L. Day, 5 g., T. Hitchcock, Jun., 10 g., H. P. Whitney, 6 g., Benj. Nicoll, 8 g.) from the Associates of Meadow Brook (H. S. Page, 2 g., W. C. Eustis, 3 g., E. W. Roby, 3 g., L. McCreery, 3 g.)—24 goals to 19, of which the losers were allowed 18 goals by handicap and the winners 1 goal by penalty.

The Hazard Cups were won July 9th, at Cedarhurst, by Rockaway second team (G. L. Myers, 2 g., F Conover, 2 g., J. E. Cowdin, 10 g., E. K. Stone, 4 g.) from the Associates of Meadow Brook (H. S. Page, 2 g., W. C. Eustis, 3 g., E. W. Roby, 3 g., L. McCreery, 3 g.)—12 goals to 8, of which the losers were allowed 7.

THE MYERS CUPS AT CEDARHURST, July 13th, between Rockaway and Meadow Brook, were expected to furnish the best play of the season, but in a game that was too one-sided to be exciting the former reversed the result of their first meeting a month previous, and won by 12 goals to 6, on hard and dusty ground. Rockaway outplayed and outrode Meadow Brook at every point, making up in the first period the handicap of 5 they allowed, and scoring goals in rapid succession thereafter. Cowdin played a very brilliant game. He was everywhere at the right time, quick and true in his hits, and well mounted. Keene was not up to his game, nor so well horsed as usual, an absence of the characteristic dash and trueness on the ball plainly showing his lack of practice. Rutherfurd played in his usual form, and made some pretty saves, but Stevens was the surprise of the day. He was quick, oftentimes brilliant, and his riding out was done thoroughly and at the right time. For Meadow Brook, Hitchcock played a plucky uphill game of good, all-round polo; he worked hard, making the only goal, but was very poorly supported. Day played very fast, and did a great deal of riding, but missed the ball too often. Whitney was poorly mounted and completely outclassed, weakening noticeably in the scrimmages. Nicoll has improved in his riding, but gone off in his play and ponies. He could not stand Cowdin's rushes, who took the ball away from him at will, and once badly missed a good try for goal. The game itself was fast and good, and played in an open sportsmanlike manner, with few collisions and no disputes. These two will probably come together again at Newport in very likely a clever game, since Mr. Hitchcock will undoubtedly strengthen his team. If Mr. Cowdin keeps up his form of Friday he may very properly be considered the best player in the country. He has no "frills," but is a workman all the time.

THE DEFEAT OF MALCOLM CHACE in the Seabright tennis tournament by W. A. Larned—5–7, 6–2, 7–5, 6–3—although showing the latter to be in excellent form, proves the former cannot hope to reach the Newport semi-finals unless he exercises his best judgment from beginning to the end of a match. Against Hobart at Tuxedo he played the best game of his career, volleying accurately and running to the net with good results. Larned plays much such a game as Hobart, and yet Chace almost confined his play to the back lines. Larned played with utmost confidence and judgment, and placed down the side lines beautifully. Unquestionably he and Hovey are to-day showing the strongest game of all those sure to be seen in the national championship.

In the semi-finals, V. G. Hall, who gets less practice than any other tournament player, exhibited his best game this season by defeating A. E. Foote, 1–6, 6–1, 7–5, but was in turn beaten two straight, 6–1, 7–5, by Richard Stevens.

John Howland showed some pretty play against Chace, but he is always greatly handicapped by poor side-line play, and of course lost.

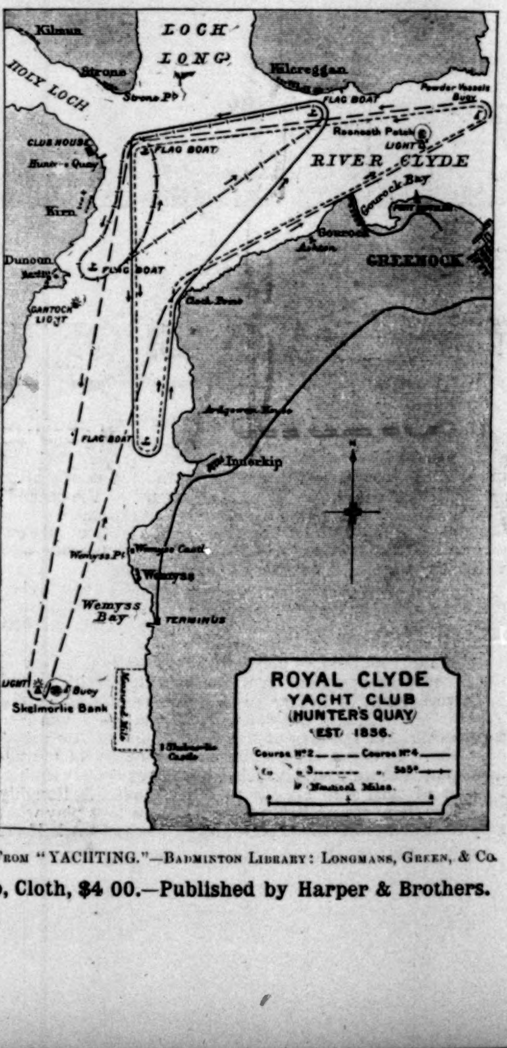
The Chace-Stevens match in the final round was a contest between the old and modern game. Stevens stuck to the back lines, and played with his usual strength and persistence, making a tremendous effort in the second set; but he lost the match, as was expected, 6–4, 10–8, 6-4. This week the meeting of Chace and Hovey will furnish a comparative line on the remaining two, Hobart and Larned, of the four leading players of the season. Our cracks must needs get "fit," for Goodbody, the Englishman who ranked about with O. S. Campbell when the latter was abroad, will play at Newport, and possibly also Hillyard and Ernest Renshaw. Goodbody's first appearance will be at the Norwood Park tournament August 6th, where he will meet Larned, Wrenn, V. G. and E. L. Hall, Chace, and possibly Hovey.

DESPITE TWO MORE WELL-FILLED REGATTAS, the fastest of the little class of 21-footers has not yet been determined, for repeated accidents because of flimsy construction remains a feature of every race, and leaves relative merits considerably in doubt, which, after all, adds zest to the sport.

Enough has been seen, however, to know that *Vaquero*, *Houri*, and *Minnetonka* are very near together, though one of the most recent additions, William Osborn, Jun.'s, *Maysie*, bids fair to outrace them all, if the exhibition given in the Larchmont Club's special is to be accepted as a criterion of her speed. She went away from all, including *Vaquero*, and was leading at half distance, when a broken bowsprit put her out of it. Unless it be *Maysie*, none other of the class seems fast enough to lower *Vaquero's* colors, and the latter continues winning with more regularity than usually seen in yacht-racing. Both *Maysie* and *Houri* beat *Vaquero* to the first mark off Larchmont, but on the next leg the *Vaquero* overhauled Mr. Butler Duncan, who was handling his boat finely, and had gained a bit on *Maysie* when the latter broke her bowsprit, and finally won by 1 min. 28 sec. from *Houri* and 4 min. from *Adelaide*, none of the others finishing. Again on Saturday in the Corinthian Mosquito fleet special off New Rochelle, the *Vaquero* won by 1 min. 2 sec. over *Houri*, though some confusion of timing officials gave the race to the latter; *Minnetonka*, third, 30 seconds behind *Houri*, and *Adelaide*, fourth, by about 2½ minutes. The usual accidents occurred; *Houri*, *Vaquero*, and *Dorothy* all running on the rocks at Execution buoy, to the retirement of the last-named from the race.

WE SEEM DOOMED TO DISAPPOINTMENT in getting a line on *Navahoe* through *Volunteer*, Mr. Forbes having declared the latter will not be raced until later in the season, and a meeting had been looked for between the two at the Eastern regatta. *Volunteer* has been changed back into sloop rig, but a new one, in which she looks strangely, with the mast stepped some two feet farther aft than has ever been seen before. If she can show her old turn of speed under present rigging she will indeed be an extraordinary boat, but the chances are that considerable tinkering will be done before she does any racing. Commodore Forbes is too good a sportsman to tarnish the fame of the old cup-defender by permitting her to race unless she is fitted to sustain her well-earned reputation.

IT REQUIRES STANCH AMERICANISM to maintain faith in *Vigilant's* superiority as a racing yacht over *Britannia* after the results of the last ten days—patriotism, a little knowledge of the course, and some reasoning over the results.



FROM "YACHTING."—BADMINTON LIBRARY: LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO.

"RIDERS OF MANY LANDS."—By Colonel Theodore Ayrault Dodge.—With Drawings by Remington.—8vo, Cloth, $4 00.—Published by Harper & Brothers.

When the *America's* cup-defender sailed for the other side yachtsmen on this side had no settled opinion as to what her sailing on British landlocked courses might show. Certainly they were not convinced of *Vigilant's* invincibility on any water where knowledge of tides and currents more often than not gave the race to the better-acquainted jockey rather than to the faster boat. And there is no intention whatever in this comment of belittling *Britannia's* performance. That the Prince of Wales's sloop is a remarkably good one her work in the races with *Valkyrie* and *Vigilant* has shown beyond question. She is, however, sailing faster than last year, as her races with *Valkyrie*, before the latter was sunk by the *Satanita*, demonstrated, and she has been superbly handled by a crew trained to the very second.

"BRITANNIA" AND "VIGILANT" HAVE MET six times up to date—four times on the Royal Clyde course, and twice on the Royal Northern, in the Firth of Clyde, which even Englishmen have facetiously dubbed the "Firth of Flukes." In the six races, so-called, in only one, the second, may the result not be put down to flukes.

In the first race, in which a good breeze prevailed for a greater part of the time, *Vigilant* showed her true form, and besides starting a minute after *Britannia*, was leading by 3 min. 45 sec., when she ran into a calm, under the shores, that are at no point more than two miles apart, and the English boat, holding on to the air, had simply to keep on going to win finally by 35 seconds.

In the second, a fairly good breeze held throughout, but the fact that *Britannia* got over the line first by a full minute gave her the weather position, which *Vigilant* was never strong or clever enough to wrest from her until two and a quarter miles from home. Of course it's part of the race, and skilful seamanship, to get the weather position and hold it, so that on that point *Vigilant* was outgeneralled and outmanœuvred by the Britisher. The only fact I am endeavoring to show is that in point of actual speed *Vigilant* in both these first races showed her superiority.

AS FOR THE REMAINING FOUR, sailed on two different courses, July 9th, 10th, 11th, and 12th, baffling winds and recurring calms combined to show at once *Vigilant's* strength and weakness. On July 9th it was a dreary drifting match, declared in *Britannia's* favor by 11 minutes, when half the 50 miles had been covered. Over the same course on the following day *Britannia* again won by 9 min. 30 sec., corrected time, in a race where light and variable winds, eight turns, and the erratic Clyde were too much for the American boat. The 11th was about a repetition of the weather that obtained on the 9th; when it breezed, *Vigilant* took the lead, and when it dropped, she fell astern; finally, they lay becalmed, until a new wind springing up took *Britannia* along with it, and across the line 21 min. 21 sec. before *Vigilant*.

THE BEST EXHIBITION *Vigilant* has thus far given of what she is really capable under proper conditions was in the last race on the 12th, when, after having fallen over 7 minutes astern, she picked up about 6 minutes in the freshing breeze, and crossed the finish-line only 1 minute 40 seconds later than *Britannia*. On the run she gained no less than 2 minutes and 20 seconds in the 6½ miles of the last leg.

All of which goes to prove that where *Vigilant* has had any chance at all she has sailed faster than *Britannia*, but her chances have invariably been broken by calms or currents, or some other eccentricity of a landlocked course, so that they have done little other than emphasize her possibilities with fair conditions. On reaching, the two yachts seem to be about equal; to windward, *Vigilant* is much the better; while running before the wind, *Britannia* has proved the faster, though her advantage in this respect is not so great in proportion as that of the American boat on the wind.

As we all agreed, before *Vigilant* began her campaign in British waters, racing on those narrow, erratic courses will teach us little we did not know before. They test the seamanship of a captain, the drilling of his crew, and try the pilot's knowledge to the uttermost, but they hardly give a fair trial of the comparative racing qualities of such big craft as 85-footers.

The next racing of *Vigilant* will be in Irish waters, said to be a bit less fluky, in the Royal Munster and Royal Cork regattas, July 23d and 24th. Thence she goes to Cowes, which is as bad as the Clyde. We need not expect *Vigilant* on any of these courses to show her real form, unless she should be favored by a few exceptional days of steady weather. We trust Mr. Gould will arrange half a dozen races for the open sea, for there only may we hope to be comforted for our severely tried but none the less unrelenting faith in *Vigilant*.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

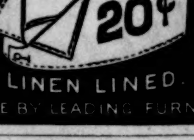
ADVERTISEMENTS.

Everything
Made of Black Leather
would last twice as long, be stronger, keep shape, be soft and clean, if kept oiled with
Vacuum Leather Oil.
25c. worth is a fair trial—and your money back if you want it—a swob with each can.
For pamphlet, free, "HOW TO TAKE CARE OF LEATHER," send to
VACUUM OIL CO. Rochester, N. Y.

EVERY TOURIST
Send postal giving address and receive one of our Illustrated Catalogues.
SHOULD OWN
E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,
591 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK.
A CAMERA

EAT BICYCLES

Without Charge.
A. W. GUMP & CO.,
Dayton, O.
will send you a list of new and second-hand Bicycles, showing a saving of from $20.00 to $50.00, or for 10 cents they will send you a *Candy Bicycle Transparency*, good to eat but better to hang in your window.



TRADE MARK
FORAKER
HEIGHT FRONT 2 IN
HEIGHT BACK 1 3/4
20¢
LINEN LINED.
H. C. CURTIS & CO.
TROY. N.Y.
FOR SALE BY LEADING FURNISHERS

Dixon's
American Graphite Pencils
write the smoothest—last the longest.
Ask your dealer for them or send 16 cents for samples worth double the money.
JOS. DIXON CRUCIBLE CO.,
Box D 9. Jersey City, N. J.

Financial.

Letters of Credit.
Bills of Exchange bought and sold. Cable Transfers to Europe and West Indies, Commercial and Travellers' Letters of Credit. Collections made.
Brown Brothers & Co.,
BANKERS, No. 59 WALL STREET.

DENVER MORTGAGES. 6% to 10%. Only promising city with vast, rich tributary territory yet to develop. Great gold mining expansion. Safely made, far Western loans are, after all, the best investment. Low valuations rule now. Abundant references. Free circulars.
JOHN E. LEET, 1515 Tremont St., Denver, Colo.

COPYRIGHTED, 1894, BY WESTERN WHEEL WORKS.
CRESCENT Bicycles.
An Entirely New Line for 1894.
We are demonstrating that first-class Bicycles can be made and sold at the following prices:
$75 28-inch. Crescent Nos. 1 and 4 Ladies' . . 36 lbs. Gentlemen's 30 "
$50 26-inch. Crescent Nos. 2 and 5 Ladies' . . 32 lbs. Gentlemen's 27 "
$40 24-inch. Crescent Nos. 3 and 6 Misses' . . 30 lbs. Youths' . . 25 "
We are represented in all the principal cities and towns of the United States.
Illustrated Catalogue FREE on Application.
WESTERN WHEEL WORKS,
Chicago. New York.

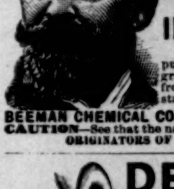
Hotel Brunswick
HIGHEST AWARD WORLD'S FAIR 1893.
Exact Size.
DOWNTOWN DEPOT SURBRUG, 159 FULTON ST. N.Y.
Perfecto.
THE LEADING HAVANA CIGAR of the United States. Stands without a rival. Equal to any imported cigar. We prefer you should buy of your dealer. If he does not keep them, send $1.00 for sample box of ten. Send money by registered mail.
JACOB STAHL, Jr., & CO., Makers, 168th St. and 3d Ave., New York City.

Rae's Lucca Oil The Perfection - - - - of Olive Oil.
Received the following awards at the COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.
"For Purity, Sweetness, and Fine, Olive Flavor."
"For Excellence of the Product and Size of Manufacture."
GUARANTEED ABSOLUTELY PURE BY S. Rae
Leghorn, Italy. Established 1836.

We buy the Very Best MALT and HOPS in Order to Brew THE VERY FINEST BEER.
ANHEUSER-BUSCH BREWING ASS'N
ST. LOUIS, MO.
Brewers of FINE BEER Exclusively.

Women and Women only
Are most competent to fully appreciate the purity, sweetness, and delicacy of CUTICURA SOAP, and to discover new uses for it daily.
In the preparation of curative washes, solutions, etc., for annoying irritations, chafings, and excoriations of the skin and mucous membrane, or too free or offensive perspiration, it has proved most grateful.
CUTICURA SOAP appeals to the refined and cultivated everywhere, as the most effective skin purifying and beautifying soap, as well as purest and sweetest for toilet.
POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Boston.

LOW RATES TO DENVER, COL.
The Baltimore & Ohio R. R. Co. will sell round trip excursion tickets to Denver, Col., from all points on its lines east of the Ohio River, July 19th, 20th, and 21st, good for return on trains leaving Denver July 27th, August 2d and 25th; tickets will also be sold to Denver August 8th, 9th, and 10th, valid for return passage on trains leaving Denver August 19th, 25th, and September 13th.
The rate from New York will be $47.75; Philadelphia, $47.75; Baltimore, $47.40; Washington, $47.40, and correspondingly low rates from all other points.
Passengers taking the B. & O. have a choice of routes, going via Pittsburg, Akron, and Chicago; via Grafton, Bellaire, and Chicago, or via Parkersburg, Cincinnati, and St. Louis; double daily service of express trains, with Pullman sleeping and dining cars on all routes.
For more detailed information, address C. P. Craig, G. E. P. A., 415 Broadway, New York, N. Y.



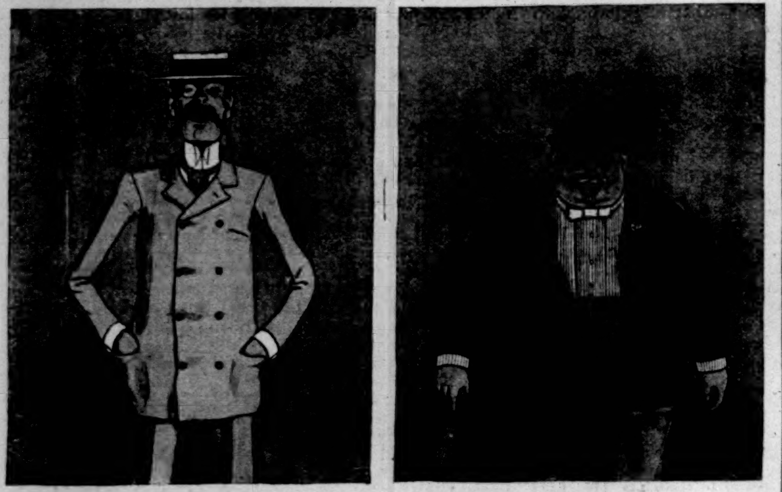
BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM
THE PERFECTION OF CHEWING GUM.
A DELICIOUS REMEDY FOR ALL FORMS OF INDIGESTION.
Each tablet contains one grain pure pepsin, sufficient to digest 1,000 grains of food. If it cannot be obtained from dealers, send five cents in stamps for sample package to
BEEMAN CHEMICAL CO., 19 Lake St., Cleveland, O.
CAUTION—See that the name Beeman is on each wrapper.
ORIGINATORS OF PEPSIN CHEWING GUM.

Drum in position.
DEAFNESS
and HEAD NOISES relieved by using Wilson's Common-Sense Ear Drums. New scientific invention, entirely different in construction from all other devices. Assist the deaf when all other devices fail, and where medical skill has given no relief. They are safe, comfortable, and invisible; have no wire or string attachment. Write for pamphlet.
☞ Mention this paper.
WILSON EAR DRUM CO. Louisville Ky.

ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES
CATARRH
PRICE 50 CENTS, ALL DRUGGISTS
CATARRH COLD IN HEAD HAY-FEVER ELY

DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED by my INVISIBLE Tubular Cushions. Have helped more to good HEARing than all other devices combined. Whispers HEARd. Help ears as glasses do eyes. F. Hiscox, 853 B'dway, N.Y. Book of proofs FREE

This INK made by
J. HARPER BONNELL CO.



MISNOMERS.

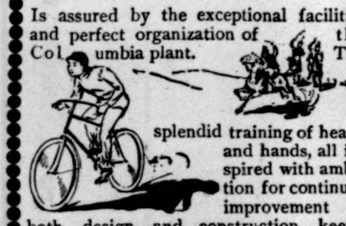
A Good All-around Fellow. A Square Man.

Awarded
Highest Honors—World's Fair.
·DR·
PRICE'S
CREAM
BAKING
POWDER
MOST PERFECT MADE.
A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant.
40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

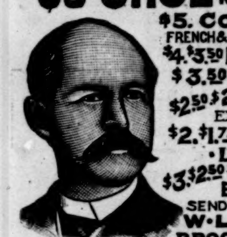
A
GOOD
TIRE
on any Bicycle
adds to the pleasure of cycling. You feel secure—can trust it. Such a tire
Is the "G. & J." Pneumatic
(HIGHEST AWARD AT WORLD'S FAIR)
simplest and safest made—corrugated non-slipping surface.
Leaves 3 lines on the road
RAMBLER BICYCLES
ALL HAVE "G. & J." TIRES.
Catalogue free at Rambler agencies—by mail for two 2-cent stamps. GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO. Chicago. Boston. Washington. New York.

Unlike the Dutch Process
No Alkalies
—OR—
Other Chemicals
are used in the preparation of
W. BAKER & CO.'S
BreakfastCocoa
which is absolutely pure and soluble.
It has *more than three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED.
Sold by Grocers everywhere.
W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

Miss Maria Parloa
is admitted to be a leading American authority on cooking; she
Says "Use
a good stock for the foundation of soups, sauces, and many other things, and the best stock is
Liebig Company's
Extract of Beef"
100 of Miss Parloa's recipes sent gratis by Dauchy & Co., 27 Park Place, New York.



Columbia
Excellence
Is assured by the exceptional facilities and perfect organization of the Columbia plant. The splendid training of heads and hands, all inspired with ambition for continual improvement in both design and construction, keeps Columbias far in the lead, and makes them the standard bicycles of the world—unequalled, unapproached.
POPE MFG. CO., { BOSTON, NEW YORK, CHICAGO, HARTFORD.
Our catalogue is unusually attractive, and will be of value and interest to every intending purchaser of a wheel. It is free at our agencies, or mailed for two two-cent stamps.



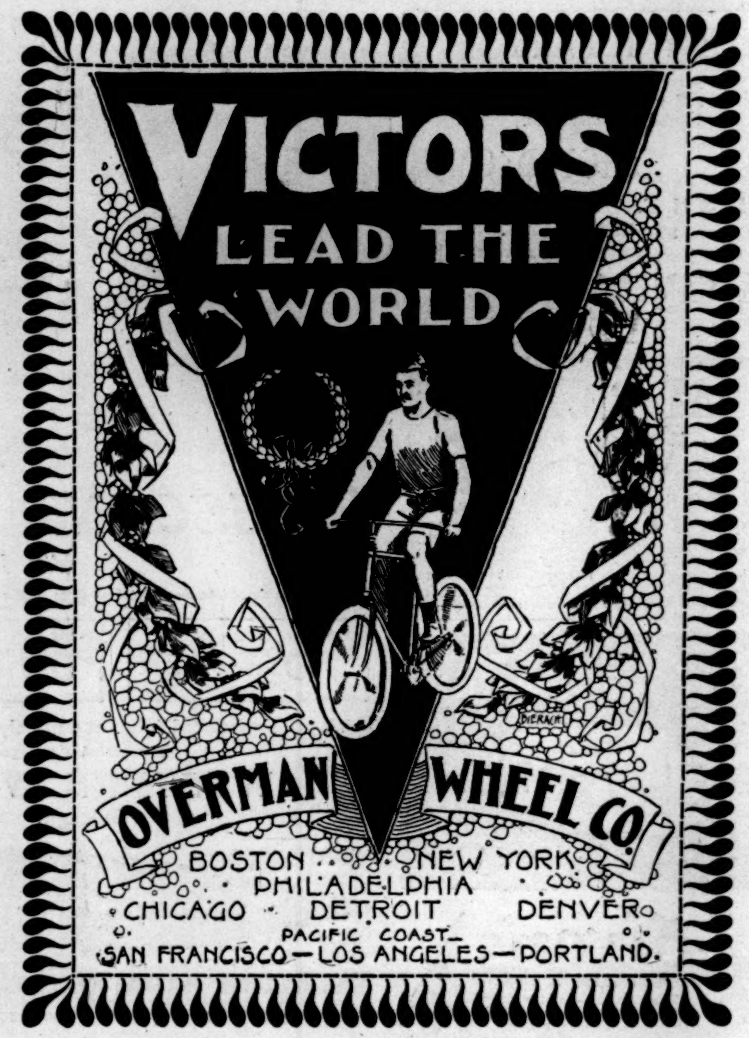
W. L. DOUGLAS
$3 SHOE IS THE BEST. NO SQUEAKING.
$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & ENAMELLED CALF.
$4. $3.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO.
$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES.
$2.50 $2. WORKINGMENS EXTRA FINE.
$2. $1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES.
·LADIES·
$3. $2.50 $2. $1.75 BEST DONGOLA.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE
W·L·DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.
You can save money by wearing the W. L. Douglas $3.00 Shoe.
Because, we are the largest manufacturers of this grade of shoes in the world, and guarantee their value by stamping the name and price on the bottom, which protect you against high prices and the middleman's profits. Our shoes equal custom work in style, easy fitting and wearing qualities. We have them sold everywhere at lower prices for the value given than any other make. Take no substitute. If your dealer cannot supply you, we can.

JOHN P. LOVELL ARMS CO.
Boston, Mass.
HAS JUST RECEIVED THE
HIGHEST AWARD AND GOLD MEDAL
FOR THEIR
Lovell Diamond Cycles
AT THE
CALIFORNIA MIDWINTER EXPOSITION
At San Francisco, Cal.

Take no Substitute for Royal Baking Powder. It is Absolutely Pure.
All others contain alum or ammonia.

In the Kitchen,
Knowledge is Economy!
Armour's
Extract of BEEF
will save you many an anxious thought, provide the basis for many a pleasant meal and effect a veritable economy in your household expenses. Our little book of "Culinary Wrinkles" mailed free for the asking. Your own ingenuity will suggest a hundred other receipts. Address
Armour & Company, Chicago.

All nations from the dawn of civilization have been seeking by practical experiment and daily trial to find the best remedy for external use. One after another they have come to the conclusion that
Allcock's Porous Plasters
more than any other remedy known to men, best meet the demand.



VICTORS
LEAD THE
WORLD

OVERMAN WHEEL CO.
BOSTON NEW YORK
PHILADELPHIA
CHICAGO DETROIT DENVER
PACIFIC COAST
SAN FRANCISCO—LOS ANGELES—PORTLAND.

THE INTER-STATE CASUALTY COMPANY
CAPITAL AND ASSETS $225,000.
NEW FEATURES: TONTINE POLICIES.
ACCIDENT INSURANCE
AGAINST TOTAL DISABILITY, PARTIAL DISABILITY, OR DEATH AT HOME OR ABROAD.
WOMEN INSURED. AGENTS WANTED.
DAILY, MONTHLY, YEARLY.
62 & 64 WILLIAM ST. NEW YORK.

AGENTS WANTED—The work is easy, pleasant, and adapted to both young and old of either sex. GEO. STINSON & CO., Box 1664, Portland, Maine.

Duminy
Extra Qualité Sec, vintage, 1884.
Vin Brut, vintage, 1889.
Champagne
SOLE AGENT FOR U. S.
ANTHONY OECHS, No. 51 Warren St., N. Y. City.

For Beauty,
For comfort, for improvement of the complexion, use only POZZONI'S POWDER; there is nothing equal to it.

E. & W.
EARL & WILSON'S
LINEN
COLLARS & CUFFS
BEST IN THE WORLD

A List of Interesting and Instructive Books

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

Captain King's West Point Story

CADET DAYS. A Story of West Point. By Captain CHARLES KING, Author of "A War-Time Wooing," "Between the Lines," etc. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

By Thomas W. Knox

The "Boy Travellers" Series. By THOMAS W. KNOX. Copiously Illustrated. Square 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $3 00 per volume:

ADVENTURES OF TWO YOUTHS—

IN THE LEVANT. *(Nearly Ready.)*
IN SOUTHERN EUROPE.
IN CENTRAL EUROPE.
IN NORTHERN EUROPE.
IN GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.
IN MEXICO.
IN AUSTRALASIA.
ON THE CONGO.
IN THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE.
IN SOUTH AMERICA.
IN CENTRAL AFRICA.
IN EGYPT AND PALESTINE.
IN CEYLON AND INDIA.
IN SIAM AND JAVA.
IN JAPAN AND CHINA.

HUNTING ADVENTURES ON LAND AND SEA. By THOMAS W. KNOX. 2 vols. Copiously Illustrated. Square 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $2 50 each:

THE YOUNG NIMRODS IN NORTH AMERICA.
THE YOUNG NIMRODS AROUND THE WORLD.

Kirk Munroe's Alaskan Tale

THE FUR-SEAL'S TOOTH. A Story of Alaskan Adventure. By KIRK MUNROE, Author of "Canoemates," "Raftmates," etc. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental. *(Nearly Ready.)*

By Charles Carleton Coffin

Illustrated. Square 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $3 00 each:

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
THE STORY OF LIBERTY.
OLD TIMES IN THE COLONIES.
THE BOYS OF '76.
BUILDING THE NATION.
DRUM-BEAT OF THE NATION.
MARCHING TO VICTORY.
REDEEMING THE REPUBLIC.
FREEDOM TRIUMPHANT.

Howard Pyle's Works

Men of Iron. Illustrated by the Author. 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $2 00.

A Modern Aladdin. An Extravaganza. Illustrated by the Author. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

Pepper and Salt. Profusely Illustrated by the Author. 4to, Cloth, Illuminated, $2 00.

The Rose of Paradise. A Story of Adventure. Illustrated by the Author. Post 8vo, Cloth, $1 25.

The Wonder Clock. 160 Drawings by the Author. Embellished with Verses by KATHARINE PYLE. Large 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $3 00.

Harper's Young People: A limited number of Bound Volumes for 1887, 1892, and 1893. Profusely Illustrated. Illuminated Cloth, $3 50 each.

City Boys in the Woods. By HENRY P. WELLS. Profusely Illustrated. Square 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $2 50.

Christmas Every Day, and Other Stories. By W. D. HOWELLS. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

Country Cousins. By ERNEST INGERSOLL. Illustrated. Square 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $2 50.

Friends Worth Knowing. Glimpses of American Natural History. By ERNEST INGERSOLL. Illustrated. Square 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 00.

The Wee Ones of Japan. By MAE ST. JOHN BRAMHALL. Illustrations by C. D. WELDON. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 00.

A Child's History of France. By JOHN BONNER, Author of "A Child's History of Rome," etc. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, $2 00.

A Child's History of Spain. By JOHN BONNER. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, $2 00.

African Adventure for the Young. By PAUL B. DU CHAILLU. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, Ornamental, $5 00 per set. *(Sold in sets only.)*

STORIES OF THE GORILLA COUNTRY.
THE COUNTRY OF THE DWARFS.
WILD LIFE UNDER THE EQUATOR.
MY APINGI KINGDOM.
LOST IN THE JUNGLE.

Samuel Smiles's Works.

SELF-HELP.—CHARACTER.—THRIFT.—DUTY.—MEN OF INVENTION AND INDUSTRY.—LIFE AND LABOR; OR, CHARACTERISTICS OF MEN OF INDUSTRY, CULTURE, AND GENIUS. 12mo, Cloth, $1 00 each. JASMIN: BARBER, POET, PHILANTHROPIST. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

ROUND THE WORLD. By a Boy. Edited by SAMUEL SMILES.—A SCOTCH NATURALIST: THOMAS EDWARD.—ROBERT DICK, BAKER OF THURSO; GEOLOGIST AND BOTANIST.—JAMES NASMYTH, ENGINEER. An Autobiography. Edited by SAMUEL SMILES. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50 each.

Camp-Life in the Woods, and the Tricks of Trapping and Trap-Making. Written and Illustrated by W. HAMILTON GIBSON. 16mo, Cloth, $1 00.

Our Home Pets: How to Keep Them Well and Happy. By OLIVE THORNE MILLER. Illustrated. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

Abbotts' Illustrated Histories. With numerous Illustrations. 16mo, Cloth, $1 00 per volume; or the set complete in six boxes, $32 00.

CYRUS THE GREAT.—DARIUS THE GREAT.—XERXES.—ALEXANDER THE GREAT.—ROMULUS.——HANNIBAL.—PYRRHUS.—JULIUS CÆSAR.—CLEOPATRA.—NERO.—ALFRED THE GREAT.—WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.—RICHARD I.—RICHARD II.—RICHARD III.—MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.—QUEEN ELIZABETH.—CHARLES I.—CHARLES II.—JOSEPHINE.—MARY ANTOINETTE.—MADAME ROLAND.—HENRY IV.—MARGARET OF ANJOU.—PETER THE GREAT.—GENGHIS KHAN.—KING PHILIP.—HERNANDO CORTEZ.—JOSEPH BONAPARTE.—QUEEN HORTENSE.—LOUIS XIV.—LOUIS PHILIPPE.

Science for the Young. By JACOB ABBOTT. Illustrated. 4 vols., 12mo, Cloth, $1 50 each.

HEAT.
LIGHT.
WATER AND LAND.
FORCE.

The Startling Exploits of Dr. J. B. Quiés. From the French of PAUL CELIERE. Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, $1 75.

Harper's Young People Series

Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25 each:

The Mystery of Abel Forefinger. By WILLIAM DRYSDALE.

A Boy's Town. By W. D. HOWELLS.

Campmates. By KIRK MUNROE.

Canoemates. By KIRK MUNROE.

Raftmates. By KIRK MUNROE.

Phil and the Baby, and False Witness. By LUCY C. LILLIE.

Flying Hill Farm. By SOPHIE SWETT.

The Mate of the "Mary Ann." By SOPHIE SWETT.

Diego Pinzon. By J. R. CORYELL.

Young Lucretia, and Other Stories. By MARY E. WILKINS.

The Moon Prince, and Other Nabobs. By R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

The Midnight Warning, and Other Stories. By E. H. HOUSE.

Illustrated. Square 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 00 each:

Wakulla.—The Flamingo Feather.—Derrick Sterling.—Chrystal, Jack & Co., and Delta Bixby.—Dorymates. By KIRK MUNROE.

The Talking Leaves.—Two Arrows.—The Red Mustang. By W. O. STODDARD.

Prince Lazybones, and Other Stories. By Mrs. W. J. HAYS.

The Ice Queen. By ERNEST INGERSOLL.

Uncle Peter's Trust. By GEORGE B. PERRY.

The Story of Music and Musicians.—Jo's Opportunity.—Rolf House.—Mildred's Bargain, and Other Stories.—Nan.—The Colonel's Money.—The Household of Glen Holly. By LUCY C. LILLIE.

Who Was Paul Grayson? By JOHN HABBERTON.

Captain Polly. By SOPHIE SWETT.

Strange Stories from History. By GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON.

The Adventures of Jimmy Brown.—The Cruise of the Canoe Club.—The Cruise of the "Ghost." The Moral Pirates.—The New Robinson Crusoe. By W. L. ALDEN.

Toby Tyler.—Mr. Stubbs's Brother.—Tim and Tip.—Left Behind.—Raising the "Pearl."—Silent Pete. By JAMES OTIS.

The Four Macnicols. By WILLIAM BLACK.

The Lost City.—Into Unknown Seas. By DAVID KER.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York

☞ *The above works are for sale by all booksellers, or will be sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, Canada, or Mexico, on receipt of the price.*